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February 4, 1939

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Brown and Yellow Bombers

By W. B. Courtney

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FEB. 4, 1939

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We Photographed Him in the Nick of Time

A SECOND MORE and he'd have passed the coffee service...

And *that coffee service* can tell you a story that will make you want the glorious, all-'round excellence of Four Roses in all your highballs, forever more!

For the coffee that is drawn from this old Sheffield urn is —like all grand coffees—really a combination of several coffees...one chosen for aroma, one for flavor, still others for body and smoothness.

A combination of virtues—that's the secret of greatness in the coffee *you* buy and enjoy—and in the *whiskey* you see on the tray above...*Four Roses!*

For Four Roses owes *its* magnificence to the fact that while it is *ALL* whiskey, it is more than a *single* straight whiskey—it's a combination of *several* selected whiskies.

Each of the whiskies that go into Four Roses is blessed with some special quality: *aroma*, or *body*, or *smoothness*, or *flavor*. Brought together into *one* liquor, they bequeath to Four Roses *every* virtue you could hope to find in a whiskey!

So we'd like to suggest that you go to your favorite package store or bar, *today*, and ask for Four Roses. Taste it—carefully—yes, *critically*. Think back, as you sip it: have you ever tasted *any* whiskey that can match Four Roses' surpassing goodness?

FOUR ROSES

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof—Every Drop is Whiskey
Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Louisville and Baltimore

WE BELIEVE FOUR ROSES IS AMERICA'S FINEST WHISKEY—*BAR NONE!*

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A Debutante of 1949
can't start too early to protect her smile

And already Sally knows that Ipana and Massage help keep gums firmer —smiles brighter.

LUCKY, LUCKY SALLY! That smile, so winning now, has a mighty good chance of stampeding the stag lines in 1949. For Sally's dentist and Sally's teachers have taught her how to guard its loveliness. Already she knows the importance of *Ipana and massage* to healthy gums and sound, sparkling teeth—she knows, too, the warning and the threat of *"pink tooth brush."*

Modern gums need modern care—special care! Our modern menus—our soft and creamy foods—rob them of the natural work they need for health. Naturally they grow tender and sensitive—and all too often your tooth brush flashes that warning tinge of "pink."

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"

Any time you see that tinge of "pink"—*see your dentist.* You may not be headed for serious trouble, but he's the one to decide. Very likely, however, he'll tell you that your gums have grown lazy from lack of vigorous chewing, that they need more work and exercise than modern soft and creamy foods provide. And as is often the case, he may suggest the "healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly, but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation quickens in the gum tissues, lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't risk trouble! Get a tube of economical Ipana at any druggist's today. Start today with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—one modern, helpful way to firmer gums, brighter teeth—a lovelier, more radiant smile!

Keep your Smile Brighter with Ipana and Massage!

Massage your lazy gums, Mommie. Wake them up. That's what teacher said!
My smile certainly needs help, Peter. I'll just try Ipana and massage.
Marion, you have the loveliest smile here. Lucky, lucky fellow—that's what they're all saying.

Ipana
TOOTH PASTE

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush —*The brush with the* TWISTED HANDLE (*see above*). *Designed with the aid of 1000 dentists to clean teeth clean and make gum massage easy.*

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Collier's

February 4, 1939

WALTER DAVENPORT Politics
AIMEE LARKIN Distaff
ROBERT McCORMICK Washington
W. B. COURTNEY Transportation
KENNETH LITTAUER Fiction
QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
KYLE CRICHTON Screen and Theater
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DENVER LINDLEY Articles
FRANK D. MORRIS Articles
JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

FLORIAN VON KINDERMANN was a Viennese with more than a fair share of Viennese vagueness. He was vaguely interested in his business, vaguely worried about his pretty young wife and very vague about everything else. Perhaps that's why he invented a poison while looking for a perfume. And although he observed the run in his wife's stocking, the conclusions he drew from that were vague too.

Altogether his was not a good temperament for a poisoner, and when you find Florian trying out the part you'll expect no good to come of it. But you might as well see for yourself in Walter Duranty's delightful short story, "The Run in Her Stocking."

FROM the day last November when his parents disappeared, Joseph hasn't been able to understand things very well. Someone came and took him to an orphanage and then he was taken from his native Germany to England. It was all very confusing to a boy of eight. But he did understand that he hadn't been allowed to take his violin. He grieved over that. Joseph is just a minute part of a very large problem, the problem of the German refugees. Quentin Reynolds went to Germany and to England to find out the facts for Collier's. He reports them in an article called "Unwanted."

IT WAS only after the stage was set and the press had been invited that the appalling discovery was made. Mr. Harper had no hair on his chest. The nation's Dream Man was headed for a fall, and with him would go the nation's illusions. But a Pekingese strolled to the rescue. The story is by Richard English.

VERY early in his administration Mr. Roosevelt discovered that "You Can Take It with You"—it, in this case being the White House. At frequent intervals ever since it has been seen bounding about the country like a three-ring circus. Eugene Warner takes you along.

THE question was simple enough, but young Lieutenant Patten had to answer it instantly. Should he obey orders and sink one of his country's ships or disobey them and ruin his career? James B. Connolly writes a stirring story of battle maneuvers, "Mr. Patten Has the Deck."

HUGH MACNAIR KAHLER contributes the Short Short Story. Laurence G. Blochman, Freling Foster, Octavus Roy Cohen and others complete the issue.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD ENGLISH
Glamor Boy. His private life was public property. Page 9

HENRY MEADE WILLIAMS
Bert Beal's Daughter. A girl who was good enough to fight for. Page 19

HURD BARRETT
Efficiency Kid. The boy who knew all the right answers. Page 21

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
The Bride Looked Sad, by Quentin Reynolds. Page 34

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LAURENCE G. BLOCHMAN
The Resounding Skies. The third of ten parts. Suspicion of murder. Page 14

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Strange Honeymoon. The ninth of ten parts. Romance in shackles. Page 32

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STANLEY FRANK
Sock'em vs. Slick'em. Schools of thought in basketball. Page 11

W. B. COURTNEY
Brown and Yellow Bombers. Report from Hankow—and the future of war in the air. Page 12

JOEL SAYRE
So Help Us. Misplaced actors. Page 17

DOROTHY DUCAS
Up She Goes. Here comes the ballet. Page 30

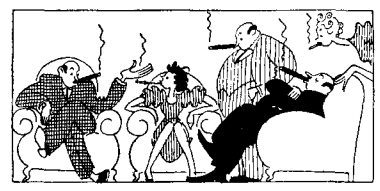
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Let's get down to facts. Page 6

EDITORIAL
The War on Syphilis. Page 50

COVER LAWSON WOOD

Any Week

IN THE many years that we've been at this racket, we've attended quite a number of editorial conferences. Until today, however, had we been asked suddenly what goes on at an editorial conference we'd have found ourself in what might loosely be called a quandary. However, we're now prepared. We've just heard from Mr. Elwyn Butcher of Dallas, Texas. So go ahead and ask us. Mr. Butcher describes an editorial conference thus: "A few fat, flabby men, and maybe a woman or two, light up their choice cigars and open a bottle of whisky and sitting in big overstuffed chairs spend the rest of the day thinking up new ways to make life harder for the poor, such as pensions."



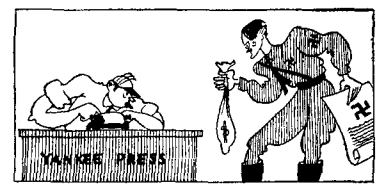
AS MUCH as we hate to admit it, Mr. Butcher's description isn't faultless. We don't know what went on at the latest editorial conference to which we were admitted because, this office being short of chairs, we had to stand—alternating that with a bit of lolling against the wall. Moreover, like Mr. John F. Gollweer of Denver, Colorado, we had more important things on our mind. "All I have to worry about," says he, "is which lasts longest, my overcoat or winter; where I'm going to get the money for my income tax, my mortgage and what to say to my banker. I'm not eligible for WPA and not smart enough to be an economic royalist. Why doesn't someone write something about us poor in-between saps—the great unprivileged middle class?"

HOWEVER, we have assurances that spring is moving this way. We're reminded of it every year by Mr. Sam McSorley of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, whose forecast of the local baseball season is invariably unerring. "Our Phillies and Athletics," writes Mr. McSorley, "are going to play at night this year so that the cops can't see what's going on and do their sworn duty. Our fellows are even going to play after dark during spring practice which will make it all the harder to guess what they're up to."

ALTHOUGH we're pretty flattered by this invitation by Mrs. T. Dorehaus of San Diego, California, we're declining. She asks us to tell her "exactly what Abraham Lincoln would do today if," says she, as an afterthought, "he were alive." The question arose at a Workers Alliance meeting of WPA projecteers. One of the more powerful orators howled: "He'd do just what he did then—he'd free the slaves." Whereupon someone asked: "Who'd take care of the slaves then? Did you ever try to eat a liberty sandwich?" The meeting broke up, says Mrs. Dorehaus, "with resolutions denouncing capitalistic spies."

WE'RE sorry that we don't know the author of a note received by Miss Mary Absolom of Chicago, Illinois. We'd like to tell him what a masterpiece it is. Miss Absolom teaches school. One of her youngest pupils, appearing for the first time in her class, handed her the note. It was from the kid's father. "Dear Miss," it read, "please to teach this child only what is in the book. The hell with what you think."

AND Mr. Farney Barnum of Halifax, Nova Scotia, desires that "it be thoroughly understood the British Empire is not disintegrating in spite of the inspired lies of the Yankee press." Which is all right with us. What we're more interested in is where Mr. Barnum got the material for his next paragraph: "It is a well-known fact that Hitler has subsidized the Yankee press, which is trying vainly to camouflage the true situation with editorial matter seemingly antagonistic to Nazi Germany."



WELL, it's true that we cabled Adolf (before Munich) inviting him to write a piece for us and guaranteeing that not one word would we censor. It was pretty decent of us, we thought. We planned to get someone to answer Adolf—say Mr. Eden, or Mr. Churchill, or Mr. Ickes, the boss name-caller of 1938. The only thing we got out of it was banishment from German newsstands.

WE'RE going to be banished by Mr. O. I. Kettler, too. From Albuquerque, New Mexico, Mr. Kettler advises us that we are a "warmonger." Also he calls us a "hired sniveler." Not satisfied with that he says we're an "English lackey" and further along "a corrupt Communist." Anyway, Mr. Kettler's through with us "when my subscription runs out."

FRUGAL chap. W. D.

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How to insure your car at lower cost

A MONEY-SAVING PLAN NOW USED BY 170,000 CAREFUL DRIVERS

IF YOU ARE A CAREFUL DRIVER, you can get car insurance at lower cost. For less money, you may insure your car against accident claims and court suits, against damage by fire or burglary, lightning, explosion, riot, hail, earthquake, hurricane or flood. Don't buy or renew your car insurance until you investigate this plan.

Here's how it works: We select policyholders with unusual care, because good drivers have fewer accidents. Fewer accidents mean fewer claims to pay. Furthermore, we deal direct with you through salaried representatives, thus saving you high sales costs.

SAVINGS RETURNED TO YOU

In all states whose insurance laws permit, Liberty Mutual gives special rate reductions to car owners who have good driving records. In addition, *in every state,* Liberty Mutual returns the savings it makes by careful selection and direct dealing to its policyholders in cash dividends. More than $64,000,000 in dividends has been paid to policyholders since 1912.

HOW YOU CAN QUALIFY

You can get this insurance simply by having a good driving record. The small cost doesn't even have to be paid all at once. It can be spread over several months in easy payments.

Moreover, you can select the protection you want. A typical policy described at the left shows the protection most people need, but the "limits" of your own policy can be higher or lower according to your needs.

IF YOU HAVE AN ACCIDENT

You will receive prompt, skilled claims service from Liberty Mutual's nation-wide service staff. Hundreds of attorneys, investigators and adjusters work from 76 offices in key cities. You will be fully protected against the trouble of finding and interviewing witnesses and claimants; also against legal expenses, court suits and damage claims

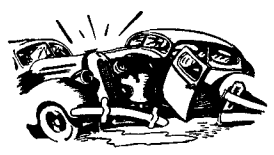
The security of Liberty Mutual insurance is unquestionable. Assets are $62,099,202; Liabilities, $47,623,538; Special Reserves, $5,594,000; and Surplus, $8,881,664 (June 30, 1938.)

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Send coupon below for this illustrated booklet which tells all about the Liberty Mutual Plan. This booklet gives facts you should know about accidents and car insurance. It shows how 170,000 careful drivers are saving money, explains how you can qualify, describes our convenient Deferred Payment Plan. In addition to the booklet, we will send an estimate of the money you may save by insuring your car with Liberty Mutual. All this will be sent to you without cost or obligation. Tear out and mail the coupon today!

HERE ARE THE FEATURES YOU GET

A popular policy includes the following features: (Of course, you may secure lower or higher "limits," or additional protection if you wish.)



1. BODILY INJURY. Pays claims or judgments against you up to $10,000 for each person injured, a maximum of $20,000 for two or more persons injured in any one accident. Provides defense for suits brought against you.

2. PROPERTY DAMAGE. Pays claims up to a total of $5,000 for damage to or destruction of the property of others.

3. SECURITY AND SERVICE. Behind your driving will be the great resources of this company, assuring prompt settlement of fair claims. You will receive the benefit of quick, skillful service furnished by hundreds of Liberty Mutual attorneys, investigators and adjusters from 76 offices throughout the country.

4. SAVINGS. Every year since 1912 Liberty Mutual has returned dividends of at least 20% of the standard cost of insurance to its policyholders. More than $64,000,000 has been saved in this way.

5. COMPREHENSIVE. Pays you for loss or damage to your car from fire, theft, lightning, tornado, windstorm, hail, falling aircraft, earthquake, explosion, riot, civil commotion, flood, immersion, vandalism, malicious acts and all other loss or damage from a natural catastrophe. (Written through United Mutual Fire Insurance Company—Assets, $6,666,246; Liabilities, $3,713,743; Surplus, $2,952,503. June 30, 1938.)

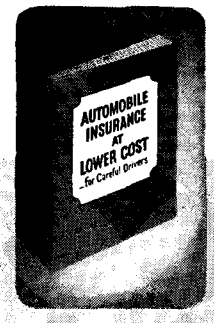
Complete details are contained in the important free booklet offered in the coupon below. This booklet has shown thousands of car-owners the secret of getting sound car insurance with the highest type of nation-wide claims service at low net cost Send coupon for your copy today.

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY

Home Office: Boston

76 offices in principal cities from coast to coast

LIBERTY MUTUAL *also writes Workmen's Compensation, General Liability, Burglary and Robbery, Forgery and Fidelity Bonds for manufacturers merchants and individuals. All forms of Fire Insurance written through* United Mutual Fire Insurance Company.



Liberty Mutual Insurance Co.
175 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass.
Without obligation, send me free booklet showing how careful drivers save on car insurance.
C.2-4

Name.....

Business Address.....

Town where Car is kept.....

Make of Car..... No. of Cyls.....

Body Type..... Model No..... Year.....

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OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
AT THE RADIO CITY SKATING RINK
JUST IMAGINE--- AN OUTDOOR SKATING RINK RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THESE TALL BUILDINGS
WHAT WILL THEY THINK OF NEXT?
HA! HA! YOU KNOW, I THINK I SLIPPED!
WELL, YOU'VE GOT COMPANY, CHUBBINS-- THERE GOES ANOTHER SPILL, OVER THERE
HERE ARE YOUR HAT, GLASSES, AND PIPE, SIR. I THINK THAT'S ALL YOU DROPPED
GOODNESS, NO! YOU'VE MISSED THE MOST IMPOR---
HERE IT IS, SIR--- YOUR PRINCE ALBERT. I KNOW HOW YOU'D FEEL TO LOSE IT
WELL, NOW I FEEL BETTER! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A PIPE-LOAD OF PRINCE ALBERT TO SET A SMOKER RIGHT WITH THE WORLD
THAT'S BECAUSE P.A. IS MADE TO GIVE PIPE-SMOKERS EXACTLY WHAT THEY WANT--- RICH, TASTY SMOKING WITHOUT BITE!

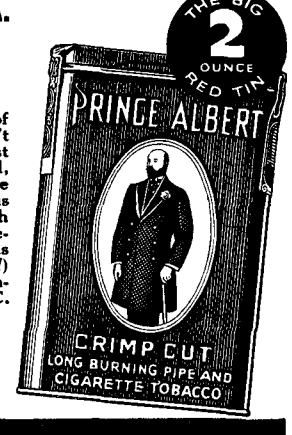
Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

Smoother Smoking to YOU

THOSE P.A. FOLKS PUT EXTRA JOY IN SMOKING BY REMOVING THE BITE. PRINCE ALBERT SMOKES EXTRA MILD, FULL-BODIED
AND P.A.'S THE TICKET, TOO, FOR RICH-TASTING 'MAKIN'S' CIGARETTES THAT ROLL UP FASTER, SMOKE SLOWER, COOLER

EVERY TIN OF P. A. BACKED BY THIS GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.



50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-ounce tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Pedestrian traffic over the bridges of British Columbia, Canada, is controlled, when deemed necessary, by a regulation that requires walkers to maintain a pace of at least two miles an hour or be subject to a maximum fine of $300.—*By Margaret McKenzie, Vancouver, B. C., Canada.*

The only woman ever to become a Free Mason was the Hon. Mrs. Richard Aldworth, who received the first degree in her father's home in Doneraile, Ireland, about 1713.—*By Helen Cheney, Windsor, Colorado.*

A lady's small wrist watch would run for more than 4,000 years on the amount of energy required to operate one 25-watt electric light for one hour.—*By R. J. Gunder, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.*

In the past eleven years in which the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has made annual awards to the outstanding film, actor, actress, director and writer, only one picture and its people took all five prizes, in the production year 1933-1934. The film was It Happened One Night and the awards went to Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert, Frank Capra and Robert Riskin.—*By Eleanor B. Kay, Trenton, New Jersey.*

The saxophone was one of the last instruments—not one of the first—to be adopted by American jazz bands. As late as 1924, several large orchestras did not use a sax, although about 100,000 amateur musicians already owned and played the instrument, which was invented, incidentally, in 1846.

No titles of nobility have been bestowed by a British sovereign upon his Canadian subjects since 1919, when the House of Commons in Ottawa sent a petition to King George V, asking him to discontinue the practice.

The gyro-compass, the instrument that points to the true north and, with its "pilot," automatically steers ocean vessels, is the only man-made device that makes use of the rotational motion of the earth.—*By William I. Selover, Wilmington, California.*

Women pallbearers carried the casket at the funeral of Mrs. Daniel Phoenix in New York City on April 21, 1782, the only known case of its kind in the history of the United States.—*By Karma B. Nash, Kansas City, Missouri.*

A number of large European households employ as many as forty-two different kinds of domestic servants, the first ten usually being butlers, valets, ladies' maids, chambermaids, chefs, footmen, governesses, laundresses, chauffeurs and gardeners.

Not long ago in a California court of law, a new trial was requested in a $10,500 damage suit because one of the jurors happened to admit that he had consulted a dictionary, instead of the judge, for a definition of "gross negligence."

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

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"Risking your neck again, eh, William?"

WILLIAM: Oh, come now, Aunt Susan, don't go Gay Nineties on me again! Why, flying's as safe as a subway ride, these days. You . . .

AUNT SUSAN: *Don't be childish, William. I'm not talking about flying. I'm talking about that doll's shirt you're wearing. You're too old to be dressing up comic, William.*

WILLIAM: Oh, *that.* Yeah, I took an awful ribbing about this shirt down at the field. The dang thing like to choke me.

AUNT SUSAN: *And serve you right if it did.*

WILLIAM: Well, gee, Aunt Susan, what's a guy to do? You simply can't find a shirt that doesn't shrink. If you buy one with the collar and sleeve length right in the first place, it gets to looking like Tiny Garments after it's washed.

AUNT SUSAN: *William, it's time I took you in hand. Did you never hear of Sanforized-Shrunk?*

WILLIAM: No, I never did. What do you do with it—spread it on bread?

AUNT SUSAN: *Now, William, be serious. Sanforizing is a marvelous shrinking process that—*

WILLIAM: Now, Auntie, dear, I've tried all sorts of "pre-shrunk" and "full-shrunk" shirts and you can't depend on 'em. This very shirt I have on is marked "pre-shrunk."

AUNT SUSAN: *But Sanforized-Shrunk, William, is utterly different. Sanforizing is the process that takes practically* all *the shrinkage out of a fabric. The very* most *a Sanforized-Shrunk fabric can shrink is 1%,* by Government standard test! *You know how little 1% is, don't you, William?*

WILLIAM: Auntie, you're making it all up!

AUNT SUSAN: *No such thing. I'll show it to you—right in an article in Good Housekeeping. Now you take this money and get yourself some good-looking Sanforized-Shrunk shirts right away.*

WILLIAM: Bless your silly heart, I wouldn't take your money. But—er—how much extra *do* they cost?

AUNT SUSAN: *Not a penny extra, William. You can get them all prices, from work shirts on up to the kind you get for Christmas presents.*

WILLIAM: O. K. I give up. But tell me, Auntie mine, just how did you get so smart?

AUNT SUSAN: *William, I haven't spent twenty-five years keeping you out of trouble for nothing!*

"Ps-st! News for You, Aunt Susan—"

Maybe you didn't know that shrinkage troubles are over for you, too! Look for the words "Sanforized-Shrunk" whenever you buy anything made of cotton, linen, or spun rayon.

- ***Women's Dresses***
- ***Nurses' Uniforms***
- ***Men's Shirts, Slacks, Work Clothes***
- ***Men's Pyjamas and Shorts***
- ***Children's Garments***
- ***Slip-covers and Draperies***

To be sure of <u>permanent</u> fit . . . look for the words . . . ***Sanforized-Shrunk***

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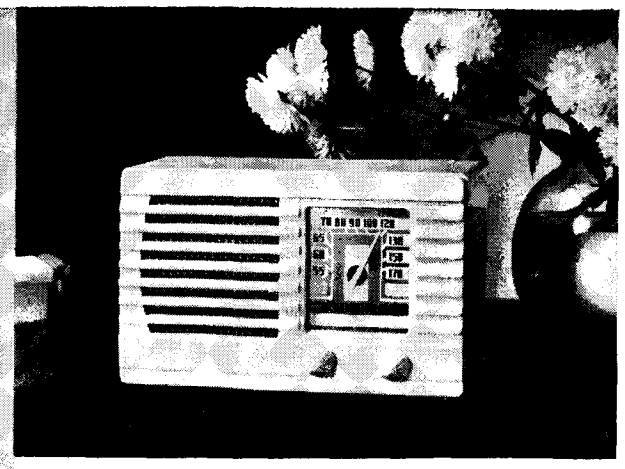
These Philco Achievements Add New Thrills to Radio Tone and Performance

Enjoy them for only a few pennies a day!

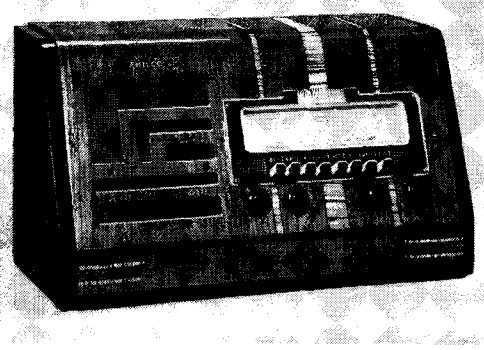
Glorious richness and depth of tone . . . the thrill of clear, powerful reception from foreign lands . . . luxurious new comfort in operation . . . these are among the amazing achievements which you may enjoy *only in a 1939 Philco,* thanks to the inventive genius of Philco engineers. Their scientific triumphs bring fine radio entertainment to new fields and new uses . . . *and at lower prices than ever before!* No matter how well your present radio has served you, it cannot give you today the new joys created by modern Philco reception, undreamed of even a year ago! See and hear a 1939 Philco . . . *judge for yourself!*

Visit your Philco dealer today. He will gladly demonstrate how Philco gives you the utmost in radio pleasure for every purpose and at any price you wish to pay. Your old radio has a surprisingly high trade-in value. In many cases it is accepted as the full down payment on even the most expensive Philcos . . . with the balance on such convenient terms that the pennies which slip through your fingers for trifles can make you the proud owner of a 1939 Philco!



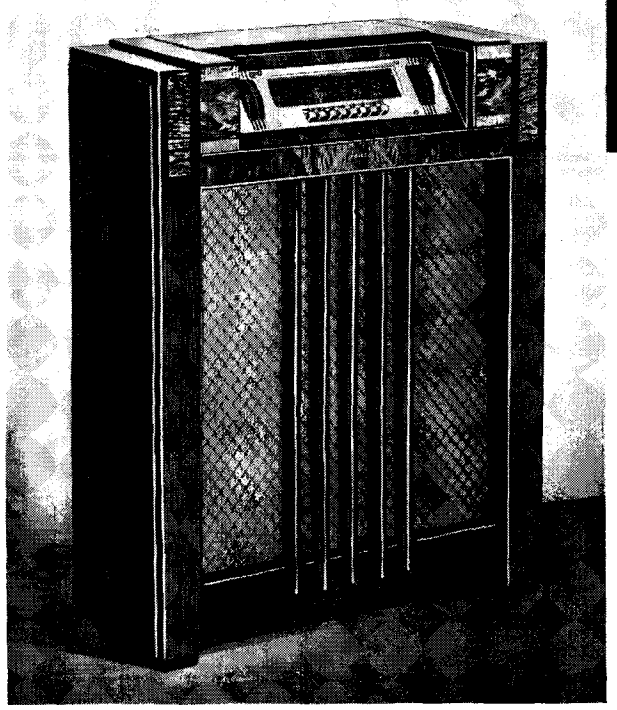
TRANSITONE . . . *Sold and Guaranteed by* **PHILCO**

New Philco inventions, new tubes, new speaker refinements give you amazingly rich tone and powerful performance never before heard in radios of this compact size. And, for the first time, Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc. approval! No hot wires, SAFE from fire and shock, SAFE for your home and children! **Several models, $9.95 up, including built-in aerial.**



LOVELY, STREAMLINE TABLE MODELS

If you prefer fine radio tone and performance in smaller space, Philco table models are your answer! Powerful American and Foreign reception, Electric Push-Button Tuning, all the costly features of a big radio. Housed in table cabinets of handsome design in richly finished, inlaid Walnut woods. **$5.50 down puts the 30T (illustrated) in your home!**

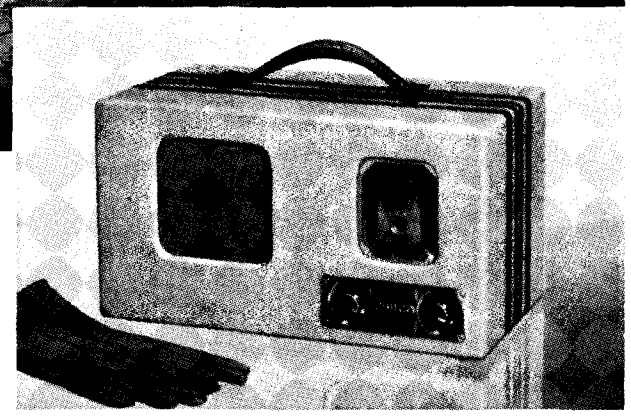


THE NEW SPINET FURNITURE DESIGN

The new vogue in radio furniture, acclaimed by home decoration experts everywhere. Exquisite simplicity . . . graceful styling that adds to the beauty of your home, that does not clash with its surroundings. Philco Spinet style models give you the finest performance-features including Electric Push-Button Tuning for 8 stations. **$10 down puts the 40XX (illustrated) in your home!**

PHILCO MYSTERY CONTROL

The great Philco 116RX, above, gives you radio's finest in depth and richness of tone, in superb American and Foreign reception, in beauty of design and costly cabinet woods. In addition, it brings you Mystery Control—the most miraculous radio invention since radio itself. Remote Control, without wires or plug-in connections to radio, electric outlet or anything else. Wherever you wish in your home, you change stations, adjust volume and turn the radio off without the annoyance of jumping up and running to and fro. In many cases, your present radio may be traded in as part payment and the easiest of monthly terms arranged for the balance.



THE TRAVELER . . .

"She shall have music wherever she goes!"

An entirely new kind of radio, invented by Philco engineers . . . the Philco 71T. Portable . . . self-powered . . . needs no aerial, ground or "house-current". Take it with you wherever you go . . . traveling, on trains, in hotels. Use it in camps, cottages, boats, at bathing beaches—anywhere indoors or outdoors. It plays, without "hooking up" to anything!

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

ALSO A COMPLETE SELECTION OF BATTERY RADIOS FOR FARM HOMES, PHONOGRAPHS WITH PHILCO, PHILCO AUTO RADIOS, PHILCO HIGH-EFFICIENCY RADIO TUBES AND THE NEW VERTICAL PHILCO SAFETY AERIAL.

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Collier's The National Weekly for February 4, 1939

His voice sounded so tired and empty that she impulsively laid her hand on his. Then she was in his arms

Glamor Boy

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

The epoch-making choice of Mr. Larry McLean between his girl and his public. The story of a man who almost bit the wrong hand

UP ON the rehearsal stage the musicians were waiting silently, obeying the red bulb that was already glowing beside the center mike, but the young woman in the silver foxes ignored that. She was annoyed and a little angry and her edged syllables cleaved that heavy, oppressive silence that is peculiar to broadcasting studios.

"But you might have called, Larry!" she protested. "You *surely* had time to do that."

"I really meant to," the tall man said. "As a matter of fact—"

"Oh, but you always *mean* to!" she cut in impatiently. "Probably your intentions are the nicest thing about you. Just because you're Larry McLean—"

If I weren't, he thought, you wouldn't care whether I called you or not. He listened wearily to that flow of well-bred petulance from the ash-blond young woman in the trim tailored suit. Once he glanced at the waiting orchestra and Helen's voice became more edged than ever at that. He looked at her then, wondering why women couldn't ever understand that a romance, like a song, should always end on the upbeat. No slurred notes, no reprises; just the pleasant memory of something that was over and done.

From the corner of his eye he noticed that Gil Barnes had wandered up and was apparently studying their rehearsal schedules. Larry broke in on her then: "If you'll just let me finish, Helen—"

She stopped abruptly, color tingeing those alabaster cheeks.

"When I couldn't get away I asked Gil to call you," he said quietly. "Isn't that right, Gil?"

Gil Barnes nodded uncomfortably. Even after six months he wasn't quite used to being the buffer between Larry McLean and his public.

"That's right," he said reluctantly. "I—I forgot, Miss West."

"How nice!" she said. Then after a moment she turned to the man beside her, forcing a smile. "I'm sorry, Larry. I—I really shouldn't have been so hasty."

Larry grinned down at her, slipping his arm through hers. As always, she warmed to that smile. "That's all right, darling," he said. "And now you're going to have to run along. I'll call you as soon as I get the program straightened around."

When he returned from the door alone he was

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They parked and, laughing at Larry's attempts to carry the hamper, vacuum bottle and blankets with only one pair of arms, they made their way down to the grove

conscious that Gil was still watching him.

"Thanks, kid," he said easily.

Gil nodded, looking a little embarrassed. The nation's Number One maestro started toward the stage and Gil trailed after him.

"I wondered if you'd do me a favor, Larry."

Larry McLean glanced at him. Gil didn't usually ask favors. "What is it?"

"My girl Joan is up here from home," Gil said, "and she's got some idea about singing with a band. I wondered if you'd audition her?"

Larry frowned, his puzzled gaze on Gil's straight brown hair and bronzed face. "You know I don't use canaries," he said shortly. "I don't like them."

"I know you don't," said Gil. "That's why I wanted *you* to listen to her."

Larry stared at him a moment, then began to laugh. "I get it. I'm the guy who tells her she ought to forget this career business and marry some nice boy."

Gil colored. "Well, sort of," he admitted.

Larry was still laughing as he went up on the stage. "Bring her around," he said.

JOAN came in just before the rehearsal ended. She sat with Gil in the second row, holding his hand while they watched Larry McLean putting his famous orchestra through their final paces—working over the music for guest artists, cutting a chorus here, sharpening an effect there.

Gil's eyes were on the girl. Looking at that sweetly tip-tilted nose and the little lights dancing in her soft brown hair, he knew that six months hadn't made any difference. Larry glanced down at them once and Joan squeezed Gil's hand then and for a moment the rather grave blue eyes were turned to the boy from home.

"He looks nice," she said. "How old is he, Gil?"

"Thirty-six," he said. "He's been up there a long time."

She nodded absently, watching that famous profile. His hair was darker than in the newspaper pictures and he was taller than she had imagined. When he walked across the stage the footlights's glare etched little lines in his face that somehow made him more attractive. Even down there in the second row you could feel his self-assurance and then you realized that his being at the top wasn't any sheer accident. He *had what it takes.*

Gil's sober gaze was on him, too, hoping that Joan wouldn't ask him too much about his job. You can't tell your girl that you're just a highly paid whipping boy; you can't explain to her that a famous man has to have someone to take the bumps; that it would be bad business for Larry McLean himself ever to say "no" to anyone.

"Is he like the newspapers say?" Joan asked. "I mean, well—"

"He gets around," said Gil.

When the rehearsal was finally ended they went up on the stage. Larry smiled as Gil introduced them and, miraculously, that sudden tightness disappeared from Joan's throat.

"I'm afraid you'll find me a severe critic, Miss Baker," he said pleasantly. "What do you want to try?"

"Music, Maestro, Please."

Larry nodded, glancing at his first piano. "Will you take it, Billy? We'll catch her from out front."

Gil was sitting nervously beside him as Joan went into the first chorus. Larry listened for a moment, then sat back in the cool mantle of complete detachment. Any good musician would have told her it was just another nice voice.

His eyes, however, stayed on the girl in the powder-blue dress. There was a quality of gravity there that was vaguely disturbing. Watching her, he felt a sudden, annoying uneasiness. She would be hard to fool, he thought. She could tell if you were laying it on the line.

And yet it wasn't sophistication. It was something deeper than that, nicer than that.

With a start he realized that she had finished the second chorus and was waiting for him to say something.

"Let's hear you try Tea for Two." He was conscious that Gil was staring at him. Aside, he said, "It's all right, *(Continued on page 24)*

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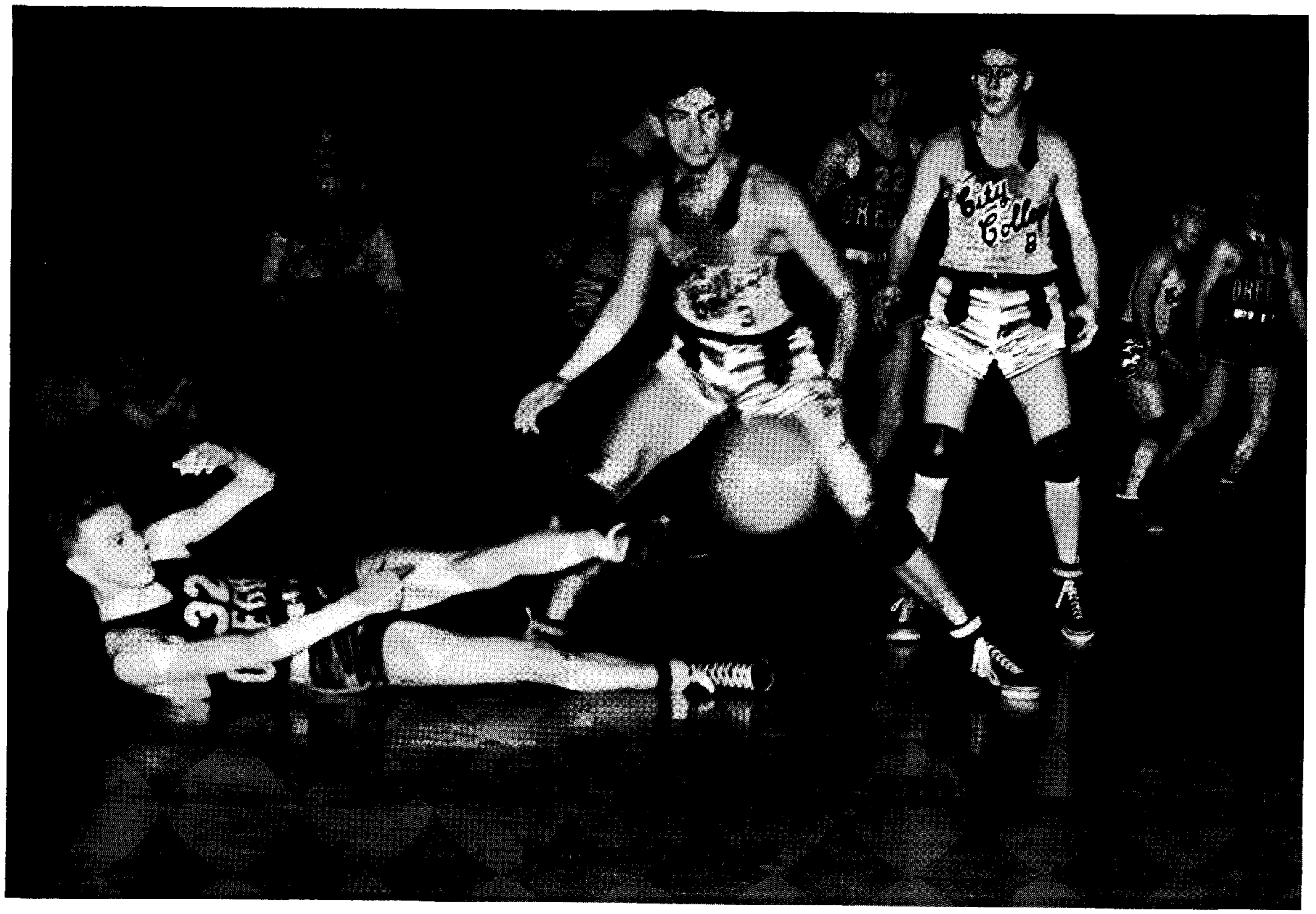

[FOR THOMAS

Eastern finesse carries the day over Western drive as New York's City College defeats Oregon, 38-36

The East had things all its own way in basketball until those upstart Westerners busted the game wide open. The fans just love it

IN A CERTAIN sense, Twenty-third Street in New York City is the most famous sports stem in the whole wide world. For nearly forty years the street dictated all basketball theory and teaching and disputing its authority was as silly as a Berliner giving Herr Goering a punt in the pants.

But the counterman in the hamburger joint on the southwest corner of Ninth Avenue and Twenty-third said he never heard tell of Beckman, Dehnert or Barry. And none of the guests in the château creased the blighter's brow with the ketchup bottle when he admitted out loud that he had never even heard of the Original Celtics.

A fine thing. The oldest inhabitant of Twenty-third Street doesn't know that the Original Celtics, greatest team basketball has ever seen, was essentially a neighborhood team during the fifteen years it was recognized as the best in the business. Dutch Dehnert, originator of the pivot play, Johnny Beckman, Pete Barry, Chris Leonard, Joe Trippe and Johnny Witty, the Celtics who were to become world champions, were born and raised on Twenty-third Street between Ninth and Tenth avenues. There were important additions later: Nat Holman, basketball's Babe Ruth, and Davey Banks from the teeming East Side; Joe Lapchick from suburban Yonkers, but the Celtics never lost their identity as the neighbors' children.

Today the basketball influence of New York is dead and gone. The inquisitive citizen must travel briskly to find the most typical basketball being played this season—and which will be played five years hence. For the sphere of basketball power has moved westward, steadily and irresistibly.

All of which was to be expected. Basketball is played far too extensively and well in every part of the country to be ruled despotically by one street, one city or even one state. The South, perhaps, is the only backward section and Jimmy St. Clair, former S. M. U. coach, foresees a sharp upswing as soon as high-school coaching in the canebrakes improves. There's a lot in what he says. The South once lagged in football and every literate American knows that gladiators from Dixie are very tough gents to shave now. Tories in the East will holler murder at this, but the parade is passing by the East's concept of how basketball should be played and the trend is not determined by the mere winning of games that involve a handful of college kids. If the Number 1 team of the country is the hallmark of sectional superiority, the East led the field last year, anyway. No other team ever completed a picture of national conquest to equal Temple University's trick of defeating Stanford, Illinois, Oklahoma Aggies, Colorado, Southern Methodist, Bradley Tech and N. Y. U., all the big noises in their respective sections.

What matter who wins a few games? The pertinent point is that the basketball that will attract at least twenty million spectators and participants this season is as distinctively Western as the horse opera—without the horses, to be sure, but with all the hell-for-leather action and fury.

Eastern coaches say the Western style is screwy, unorthodox. The customers, by their ecstatic response, say it's swell entertainment and that's why the purists, who once sat in the driver's seat, now are copying the Wild West.

The Fans Dictate the Game

"Two years ago I thought the deceptive hipper-dipper we always used in the East was the nuts," Clair Bee, Long Island University's astute coach, confesses. "Now I want the drive and speed emphasized by the West. It may not win more games for me, but the fans think it's more exciting, and that's the answer."

"They still play sounder technical basketball in the East," John Bunn cheerfully concedes. Mr. Bunn is the gent who gave us Hank Luisetti, the all-time glamor boy of college basketball, and that large, lovely Stanford team that beat the quivering daylights out of practically everybody in circulation. "They have the better-trained players but we have the better athletes. The West is winning the ball games because we're operating on the theory that basketball is a hard contact game while the East still fools around with that bean-bag, patty-cake stuff."

It was inevitable that the Western style would supplant the Eastern. It couldn't miss, for the basketball evolved on the prairies and in the tall timber appeals to the mob. The West's sock-'em-rock-'em methods have a stronger pull at the box office than the East's finesse-and-fool'em tactics and, as Mr. Bee suggests, that's the pay-off.

Fundamentally the West sponsors fury over Eastern finesse; drive over deception; speed over shiftiness. The West treasures youths who can run all night like foolish and frightened fawns until they are stopped by (a) the final whistle, or (b) a wall of the building. In the East, a flat-foot floogie who can jockey his opponent out of position is considered a very jewel of a basketball player.

Western kids look for the basket alone and will cheerfully gamble with a haywire heave as long as there is a hoop intact in the arena. Eastern courtmen are taught to look for the smart play and too many coaches are overcome with the sheer horror of it all if a player takes a pot shot at the basket without a 90-10 edge in his favor. The West advocates a whirlwind physical game while the East strived, until a year ago, at least, to

(Continued on page 38)

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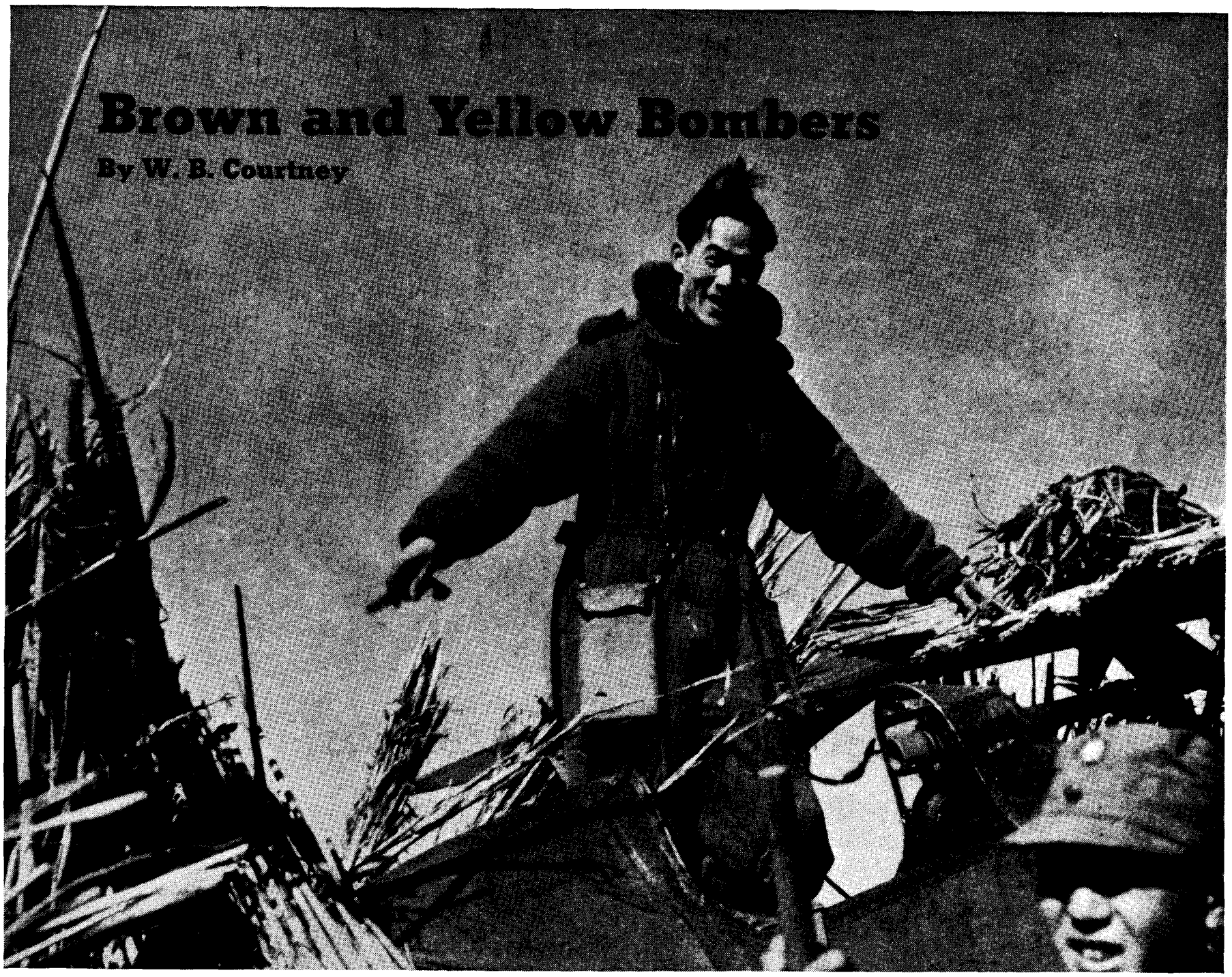
Brown and Yellow Bombers

By W. B. Courtney



PIX

Home from a dogfight is this smiling Chinese pilot, stepping out of his fighting plane as soldiers apply reeds as camouflage

Can airplanes cripple a nation and destroy its morale? Can they actually win wars? Is there any real defense against this newest and most formidable military weapon? In Spain and China the answers are written for all to see. Collier's correspondent, fresh from the scene, gives you a revealing close-up

WE ARE in Hankow, in the vicious midsummer heat of the middle Yangtze Valley, and the Japanese flyers have just finished bombing Kiang An Station. The Chinese had run some tank cars, loaded with aviation gasoline, onto a siding there; and in no time flat, it seemed, the Japanese planes were overhead fingering with their incendiaries and 500-pounders for this military prize. One tank car was hit, and exploded in a flaming gust that dissolved the hundred coolies who were trying to push it to safety. A group of houses just beyond was incinerated, their inhabitants cooked. Across the rails, beside the depot, there had been a row of mangy eating stalls for third-class passengers; a small private hospital owned by the railway; a corral in which horses intended for military use were impounded. Hospitals and stalls had become, in one quivering moment, a churned mass of wood, tin, brick dust, human fragments—the usual porridge cooked by the hot, whining steel of air bombs.

The correspondents hurried to Kiang An; smoke billows, and the number of hits observed, told us this was the choicest of three zones in which the Japanese had left their calling cards. Hundreds of coolies had already run up from the near-by Yangtze bund. We pushed into the crowd, and found—the wreckage of the corral. There had not been a direct hit on it; half the horses were unharmed and standing quietly, with no sign of the shell shock that paralyzes human nervous organisms. The dead horses were gruesomely ripped and torn and disemboweled; some wounded animals, in random stages of butchery, were threshing around.

The Oriental ring seemed less impassive than usual. There were shaken heads and mutters. A newsreel man, who understood Chinese, told me: "They are saying, 'Oh, the poor horses!'" We looked back toward the carnage in the hole where there had been a hospital. We stared at the depot platforms, where the first-aid people were sorting out those maimed who did not seem beyond all hope. We saw, across the tracks, the emergency patrols arriving to work on the burning houses, whence you could hear the screams, the futile appeals, of the trapped wounded. There was the excitement of a great fire. There were hundreds of dead and wounded.

Tragedy, destruction, for the homes, friends and neighbors, perhaps even relatives, of those who stood now and stared at and were sorry for—the horses.

Aviation is the liveliest military topic in this age of soaring war bills. While their hands push budget pencils, the eyes and ears of experts throughout the world have been on Spain and China.

They wanted to know many things.

Come along with me for a close-up of the evidence in China. You will find it exciting. You will be plenty scared. You will see and experience something, in fact, to cover every one of the questions about air power that have become so important to war departments, and to you and your loved ones.

For example, the day and the circumstances of your arrival in Hankow, when you got an unexpected demonstration of the answer to one major question—can air power shatter civilian morale?

Getting into Hankow was touch and go in the last hectic weeks of the Japanese drive for that "Chicago of the Yangtze."

Hankow is about five hundred miles inland, a little farther from Hong Kong than from Shanghai, at the western point of a rough triangle formed with those places. You could not go from Shanghai, because that would take you through the Japanese lines. You had to go from Hong Kong. For a while there was train service; four days or more for the trip, running only at night, hiding in tunnels by day. If you were caught in an air raid you dove through a window and ran as far as you could and crouched in a rice paddy. The planes would zip down and machine-gun the cars to get what the bombs missed. Then, in midsummer, Japanese air power blasted the railway out of the picture. The Chinese army's last useful line of communication with the coast was done for.

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You had to go by air, and there was only one chance—Eurasia, a company owned equally by Chinese and German capital, with scarred, hard-bitten veteran German pilots and Chinese wireless operators. Later in the month Eurasia's service was shot out of the air by Japanese pursuits; but you got through today all right, in the fast trimotor Junkers, with your blue-eyed pilots watching the sky intently, ready to scoot off at the first sight of gray planes with red circles on their wing undersides.

You land at Changsha, to fill your gas tanks to the last ounce of their capacity. The Japanese were here two hours ago; coolies with their little baskets are putting earth back into the bomb craters on the field; buildings near the water front are on fire. It's still a long way to Hankow; twenty minutes over a stretch of rough hills, then an hour across the plains that the Chinese themselves, by cutting the Yangtze dikes, turned into a huge lake to impede the Japanese advance. Dangerous going: your pilots "pour on the coal" and fly with the wheels almost kissing the muddy waters. The radioman keeps on Hankow. If he gets warning that a raid is on, we'll turn for the back country, and circle there until we hear an "all clear" from Hankow. That's the reason for the full gas tanks.

No raid—yet. We slide onto the field at Wuchang, across from Hankow. The German pilots don't even stop their motors. The instant you and the little sack of mail are on the ground, they roar away, back for Hong Kong, out of this unhealthy territory. The Wuchang field is pock-marked from recent raids; the wreckage of a dozen Chinese planes litters its margins. You hurry down to take the ferry over to Hankow and the comparative safety of the French Concession.

The Yangtze here is broad, choppy, deep, incredibly swift with the momentum gained in the mountainous gorges above. A sampan floating downstream goes by you like a speedboat. The ferry you are on is no more than a rickety, tippety, leaky old scow. In the blazing noonday it is packed to suffocation, mostly by coolies—workmen, the ragged, impoverished ninety-eight per cent of China's urban population. Just as we get aboard there is a weird, screechy outburst of whistles and horns from both sides of the river—the first alarm.

PIX

PIX

It means: Japanese planes sighted coming in the direction of Hankow over the observation posts behind the front lines. We cast off at once, and swing into the current, to race for the Hankow side. Now you see one of the most remarkable sights offered by this war.

The whole river is suddenly alive with thousands of small boats, scuttling furiously in the direction of the French and the international bunds, which adjoin. On the Hankow shore, through a lattice of cross streets, you see thousands of poor, frightened human sheep—men, women, children—running, pushing, hobbling in the same direction. A surging, rushing drove of terror, herding by water and land, toward a little patch of sanctuary. It is like a fantastic slow-motion film, seen through heat miasma, while your head reels from the din of whistles, and you grow faint with the crush and the stench of half a thousand coolies packed onto a boat that would be overloaded with a hundred. The old tub wobbles and yaws in its haste, until you feel it will trip over the loose planks in its bow, or run down some of the sampans and junks. Scores of collisions seem imminent, imprecations are screamed above the whistles of the second alarm. Yet the headlong dash is really managed with miraculous dexterity. It is every man for himself on the Yangtze that fetid noon. Thousands of faces turn anxiously upward. Paddlers forget to look where they are going. Fugitives ashore stop in their tracks. For now we hear the drone of the Japanese bombers, very high, behind a cloud bank.

They are over the airport, which you left but a few minutes ago.

You try to be elaborately calm, among all these poor murmuring folks. You uncase your field glasses, and squeeze to the rail to have a look at the planes.

Who's Panicky Now?

Suddenly the whole Wuchang shore behind you seems to stand on edge. There is a deafening rumble, and you are trying to brace your feet on a mass of jelly. Halfway to the sky there rises a great brief wall of dirt, stones, people, urged by peaks of gray, yellow and green smoke. Then another shock. Nearer, on the Hankow side, the plane droppings have fallen among moored junks. A top-heavy column of water and debris mounts and bursts and spreads a miniature tidal wave over the river.

You follow the Japanese raiders with your binoculars, thinking, "Of all places I should have picked out to be in during a raid, this is the last and worst—on a fumbling scow in the mid-Yangtze, with a mob of ignorant, panicky coolies!" You hear shouts behind you, a growing murmur. You think fast: "The voice of the mob—the Oriental mob! If they push about, this barge will capsize in a jiffy. One blind, hysterical rush—and I'll be in that yellow torrent, with this whole boatload on top of me. Bill, you've stuck your neck out once too often. Now you're in a fix! Here it—comes—"

You swing around and you see a jumbled circle of slant eyes fixed upon you. The interpreter is grinning. You ask him what's the matter. He says:

"Coolies talkee devil bad enough you catchee looksee him little. Then why master use eyeglass catchee looksee him big?" He adds, confidentially: "Also coolie talkee hope master be quiet. Chop-chop all time here all time there to looksee maybe make boat come bottomside."

So you put your binoculars back in their case and sulk and swelter while the ferry is warped in and tied up and you have to stay aboard it until the raid is over and the all-clear whistle is sounded. Meanwhile, you are thinking you will tell your military friends perhaps airmen put too much faith in their ability to shatter civilian morale.

Are the Japanese good flyers?

A common notion abroad *(Continued on page 44)*

Top, fascinated spectators watching the greatest air battle of the war—the Emperor's Birthday fight over Hankow in which the Chinese, in a surprise move, engaged a large Japanese raiding force and won a decided victory. Below, Hankow civilians fighting fires after a water front bombing raid

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The Resounding Skies

By Laurence G. Blochman

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

WHILE employed as a timekeeper by the Caribbean Fruit Company, Bill Bossert dies. His body is sent home, and an autopsy reveals that his death was caused by arsenic poisoning!

Walter Lane, a young banana expert, succeeds him. Given the job by Dave Perry, manager of the company's Caribbean division, he goes to work in the Rio Sangre district. His immediate superior is "Pinky" Hind, a hard-boiled overseer. Pinky soon makes an interesting discovery: Tattooed upon Walter Lane's left breast are a blue swastika and the figure "28"—identical with the tattooing on the body of Bill Bossert.

Informed of this by Pinky, Cecil Holliday, the district superintendent, attaches no importance to it. But not Dave Perry. "He told me he didn't know Bossert," Perry says. "He lied!"

To Muriel Monroe, Perry's attractive secretary, is given the task of investigating Walter Lane and learning what he is up to—if anything.

Muriel wastes no time. She finds Lane near the Rio Sangre. While they are chatting, a German—Adolf von Graulitz, who is supposed to be managing a coffee plantation across the river—comes out of the jungle and joins them. He arrives a few moments after someone sends a rifle bullet perilously close to Lane. And Lane gives him a frosty welcome. . . .

Just what Walter Lane is trying to accomplish has not, thus far, been divulged. It would appear, however, that he is looking into the murder of Bossert *and* learning what he can of the secret operations of von Graulitz and his henchmen in tropical America. Before meeting the German, he has been discussing with Hind radio propaganda being sent to the South and Central American countries from Berlin and Rome and the interference that makes it impossible to get anything other than a jumble of sound from the North American stations.

A steamer—the Bonaca—arrives. It brings a hundred thousand dollars, which Gerald Stilton, the company's agent in the Capital, is to use in bribing certain officials. A few hours after it drops anchor, Stilton and von Graulitz hold a conference, then disappear. . . . Lane and Muriel Monroe go for a swim. Muriel tries to question her companion. "You did know Bill Bossert, didn't you, Walt?" she asks. Then: "The people down here think you've been sent here to snoop."

III

"TO SNOOP," Lane said. "By whom?"

"By the company," Muriel said.

"No," said Lane pensively. "I'm not a stool pigeon. But you are."

"Smile when you say that, Pardner."

"Smile? I'm laughing. Are you that much in love with Perry?"

"What's that got to do with the price of nine-hand stems, Walt?"

"Well . . . " Lane turned over on his back, gave a flip with his feet that started him toward shore. "You're an attractive girl. You could have your pick of the entire unmarried personnel down here, and probably half the married personnel, if you set your heart on it. You're loyal to your employer—that's natural. But you don't have to turn stool pigeon to keep your job—even if what they say about you is true."

"What do they say about me, Walt?"

"That you wear the managerial pants.

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That you run the division. Let's go in, Muriel." He started swimming for shore.

"But, Walt—why—?" She was swimming with him.

"A sudden thought," Lane said. "Last time you started cross-examining me, somebody took a shot at me. I don't enjoy being a target."

Muriel got out after him, followed him down the beach. He let her catch up, walked in silence beside her as she returned to the office building. On the steps she said:

"I'll get your wallet, Walt. You wait out here."

"I'm coming with you," Lane said.

"Why, Walt?"

"I might want to kiss you. I think I might very well want to kiss you—just on the nape of the neck—as you stoop to open your . . . your boss' safe."

"Suppose I didn't want you to kiss me?"

"Suppose," said Lane.

"Aren't you just a little brash?"

"Oh, I don't think so. Perry expected me to want to kiss you, didn't he?"

The girl did not reply at once. In the darkness of the doorway Lane had the preposterous idea that she had been hurt by his remarks. He revised his supposition when she handed him her towel.

"Wipe your feet," she said. "Don't track water into the office."

The moonlight was still coming in the window, and the girl, as she bent over the safe in Perry's office, seemed to be sheathed in mother of pearl. Her dressing gown, absorbing the moisture of her bathing suit, clung to her, revealing to Lane the exact spot for his arms should he stoop to carry out his threat—made against his better judgment—to kiss the nape of her neck. In fact, he even considered a few supplementary ideas. He took a step forward. Suddenly the girl stood upright.

"Walt, did I find the safe open when we were here before?"

"How should I know?" Lane said. "You chased me out."

"You didn't come back, after I left, after I went outside to find you?"

"Of course not."

"I WISH I could remember," the girl said. "I have the strangest feeling that I . . . That's the way it is with these things you do so often that they become automatic. I wonder if I did leave the safe open?"

"Somebody steal my wallet and passport?"

"No, they're right where I left them. But—"

"Then everything's under control," Lane said. "Let's—"

"Walt!"

"Now what?"

"I told you to wipe your feet."

"I did wipe my feet."

"You didn't. You're making wet footprints. Even in the moonlight I can see where you've tracked up the whole place."

"So I have," Lane said. "That's funny. I was sure—Muriel! Turn on the light!"

"But why—?"

"The light! Where's the switch?"

Muriel's finger found the button. Lane blinked at the sudden flood of brightness, then stared down at the wet footprints he had been accused of making. They were his footprints, all right, but they were a vivid, somewhat sticky red! He felt his stomach turning over slowly. He looked at Muriel. Her face had gone the color of wet chalk, but she was making a game if obvious effort to laugh it off.

"Walter," she asked slowly—much too slowly. "You wouldn't say that was blood, now would you, Walt?"

"Now that you mention it," said Lane, "I believe I would. Is there a back way out of this place, Miss Monroe?"

"Yes," said Muriel, "but what—?"

"Put out the light!" Lane commanded.

"But, Walt, why—?"

"The light!" Lane took three red steps toward the switch. "I prefer not to be found here right now. And there's someone coming. I hear voices outside."

He snapped the switch. He could feel the girl brush against him in the abrupt darkness. The cool dampness of his bathing suit suddenly was warm where her small, firm body touched him. He could count the desperate rhythm of her heart beating close to him. He put his arm around her.

IT WAS a scant hundred yards from the steps of the Musa Club to the fruit company offices, and Dave Perry started out as if he intended covering the distance in ten seconds flat. Alcott was at his heels, but Ed Bannister, Doc Janvier and the comandante followed at a more leisurely pace. They were nearly there when Bannister said:

"What's the hurry, Dave? He's still inside. He just put the light out."

Perry bounded up the steps, flung open the door, and called: "Mr. Stilton!"

There was no answer. From somewhere in the darkness came the faint click of a latch.

"He's here all right," Alcott said. "Or somebody's here. I just heard a door closing."

"Mr. Stilton!"

Light flooded the outer office. Bannister, standing with his hand on the switch said: "I don't see anybody."

Perry headed for his private office with long strides. He left the door open after him. A few seconds later he called:

"Dr. Janvier! Quick!"

Mr. Gerald Stilton was sitting on the floor behind Perry's desk, his torso leaning against the wall at an angle of forty-five degrees. There was an expression of faint, humorous surprise on his aristocratic features, as though he were smiling to himself at having slipped from the chair into this undignified position. His pleated silk shirt was a bright red, and what appeared to be a black top seemed to be spinning a little to the left of his second platinum stud, in grotesque defiance of the laws of gravity. Of course it was not actually spinning and it was not a top. It was the pear-shaped wooden handle of either a screwdriver or a small chisel that had been driven into Mr. Stilton just under the breastbone.

DR. JANVIER scarcely touched the body before he straightened up. He glanced briefly at the four faces in the doorway before he turned to Perry.

"We can carry him to the hospital if you like," he said. "But I fear it is useless."

"Dead, Doctor?"

"Quite. Apparently the left ventricle has been pierced. Fifteen minutes ago I might have tried cardiac surgery . . . a stitch or two in the pericardium, adrenalin, artificial respiration. Of course, if the neuromuscular bundle is cut—"

"How long has he been dead, Doctor?"

"Half an hour at the most. Fibrination of the blood is not far advanced."

"Do your damnedest anyhow, Doctor. And do it quick. Bannister, you and Alcott carry him to the hospital. Can you manage it, the two of you?"

She was swimming with him. "A sudden thought," Lane said. "Last time you started cross-examining me, somebody took a shot at me"

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"We'll make it," Alcott said, slipping his arm around Stilton's shoulders. "Grab his feet, Ed."

Dave Perry did not see them go out. He did not see the comandante, either, leaning against the doorjamb, watching him curiously, very dapper in his white uniform, an unlighted cigarette between his lips, a riding crop tucked under his arm. For a long moment Perry seemed to be staring into another world. Suddenly a tremor ran through his body, like the first chill of malaria. The muscles of his face twitched. He ran his hands through his bushy hair.

"No!" he exclaimed to nobody in particular. "They can't do it!"

"Can't do what, Mr. Perry?" The comandante struck a match.

Perry roused from his trance, startled to find the comandante squinting at him through the smoke of a cigarette.

"Hello, Coronel," he said. "I didn't realize you were still here."

"What can't they do, Mr. Perry?" the comandante persisted.

"They can't . . . why, they can't get away with a thing like this."

"Who can't, Mr. Perry?"

"Did you see the handle of that screw driver, Coronel? 'Made in Germany.' "

"Yes, I saw it," said the comandante. His English had a slight twang of New Yorkese in it, suggesting that he had made extensive extracurricular contacts during his student years at Columbia University. He came over and sat down next to Perry. "Will this change your plans any, Mr. Perry?"

"What plans?"

"I understood that Mr. Stilton came to Puerto Musa to make a payment of some sort to our government."

Perry did not reply.

"Did he carry the money with him, Mr. Perry?" the comandante asked.

"No. It's in my safe."

"Still?"

"It must be. Mr. Stilton doesn't—didn't have the combination."

"You are sure the safe has not been tampered with?"

"It looks all right," said Perry. "It's locked."

The comandante removed the cigarette from his mouth and carelessly flicked off the ash with the end of his riding crop. He said: "Suppose we open it and make sure the money is okay. I'd like to have all the facts before I start an official investigation."

Perry hesitated a moment, then bent over the safe and spun the dials. When he turned around he looked like an old man. It was fully half a minute before he could say:

"The money's gone."

LANE rushed Muriel through the side door of the port office so rapidly that they were outside almost before she knew what was happening. When the door closed behind him, she rebelled.

"Now, wait," she protested. "It occurs to me that maybe—"

"Objection overruled."

"Walt, stop that! Put me down!"

Lane had scooped the girl up into his arms, started walking through the night with long, swinging strides.

"Put me down! Please, Walt. I—"

Lane put one hand over the girl's mouth, quickened his pace. Forced to abandon words for action, Muriel translated her violent objections into equally violent movement. Lane had to remove his hand from her lips in order to anchor her shoulders.

"Quit kicking!" he ordered.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Home—your home—where you belong."

The girl stopped struggling. He could feel her knees swinging relaxed in the crook of his elbow, knew that she was looking up at him.

"I do think we ought to go back, Walt," she said, "to find out where that blood came from. If there was a machete fight, I'd like to know how those *mozos* got into the office."

Lane stopped walking. He looked down at the girl.

"We're not going back," he said, "because I have a number of things to do in the next twenty-four hours, and I'd like to do as many of them as possible before they lock me up."

"LOCK you up? What for?"

"Murder. They'll recognize my footprints soon enough. That's what you wanted, isn't it?"

"Don't talk nonsense. Nobody's going to think you chopped a *mozo*."

"And nobody's going to think you took Mr. Gerald Stilton for a *mozo*."

"Stilton!" Lane felt the girl stiffen in him arms. She said, "I don't believe it."

"You saw the corpse."

"I didn't. I swear I didn't."

"I did. He was propped against the wall, behind Perry's desk."

Muriel made a queer little noise in her throat—half a sob, half an incredulous gasp.

"I still can't believe it," she said, in a stunned, subdued voice. "You—you're not joking, Walt?"

"No, I'm not joking. I was trying to spare you the gory details, but since you insist, I can tell you that Stilton was probably stabbed, because there was the handle of a knife or something sticking out of his chest; that he was sitting on the floor, staring at me with an expression of amused surprise; that his right hand was outstretched as though he had just grabbed for something—something purple."

"Purple?"

"Well, his fingers were purple . . . at least his thumb and one or two fingers. . . ."

"Walt, put me down. Now."

"You're not going back?"

"No. I'm going home."

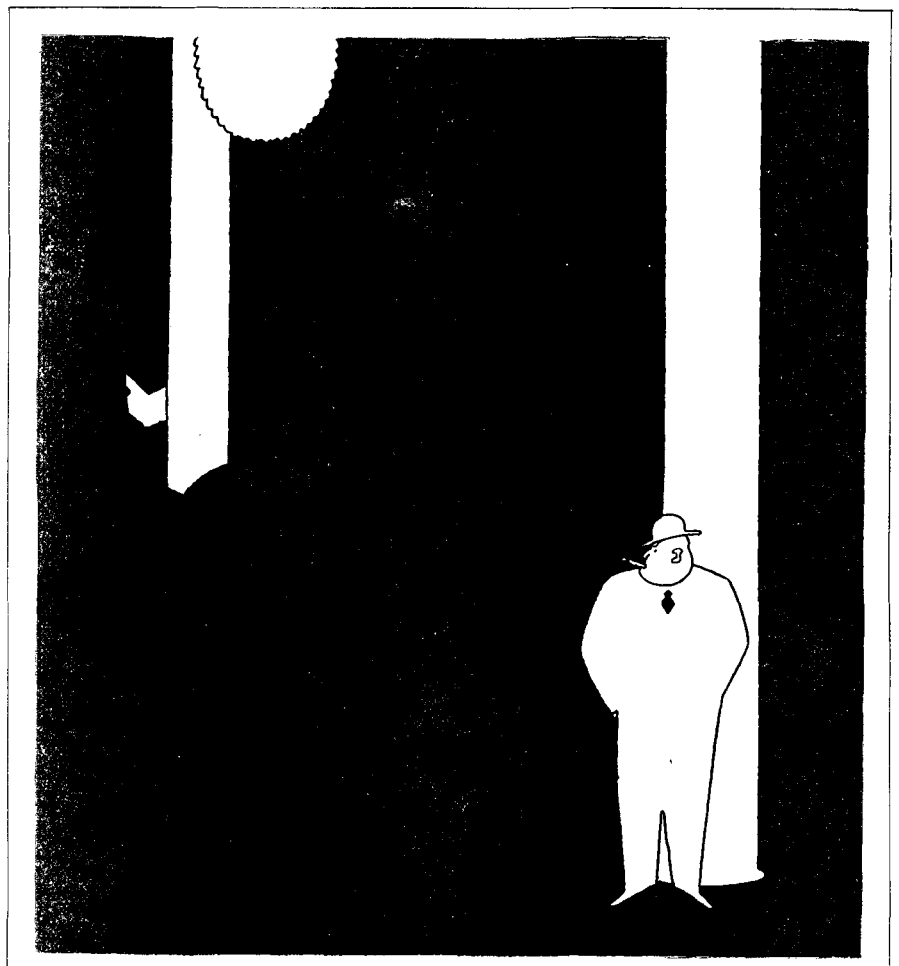
Lane let the girl slide to the ground, but kept a tentative grip on her arm. She remained standing very close to him, her small face tilted upward, searching his. The soft contours of her features, very white in the moonlight, appeared to flicker, then dissolve in shadow as a frantic platoon of rain clouds skirmished nervously across the moon. Only her eyes seemed to glow by their own luminosity, a warm, troubled light that burned deep inside her. When the moon shadow passed, the expression passed with it.

Lane had the queer sensation of looking at two different persons. He said, thinking aloud:

"I wish I knew which one is real."

"Please let me go, Walt," the girl said; but she made no attempt to pull free from his grasp.

"A moment ago," Lane continued, "I could have sworn I was looking into the eyes of a meddlesome, conceited little female, very conscious of her power over men, very determined to make at least two hundred and twelve of them grovel, very happy at the prospect of putting her dainty little foot on a new neck, very enthusiastic at the chance to lead any one of them into disaster for the sheer fun of triumph. Then a cloud passed in front of the moon, and you didn't seem a meddlesome conceited little female at all; for an instant you were just a very friendly little girl who wanted terribly to be mother to the whole world and were suddenly very frightened and lonely to discover that you hadn't quite grown up to your task. When the moon came out again— Well, I don't know any more. . . ."



"Oh—house dick!" GARDNER REA

"Walt, I thought you had so many important things to do tonight."

"I have. But I've just decided that one of the most important is to find out what you're all about, Muriel."

"How, Walt?"

"Didn't you come out to the farm yesterday for the express purpose of diverting my attention while someone took a shot at me?"

"Of course not! How can you say that?"

"Didn't you deliberately lead me into Perry's office tonight, so that I would leave footprints in blood on the floor near the corpse?"

"No, Walt, no! How could I know Stilton was dead inside there?"

"Didn't Perry or someone else tell you to invite me down to your house tonight? Didn't he say, 'Lane is hiding something and I want you to find out what it is. Turn on all your charms and it will be easy. Send his pulse rate up high enough and he'll tell you anything'? Didn't you expect me to make love to you tonight?"

"I might have," the girl said softly.

SHE had not moved. She was still standing very close to him, so close that he was aware of the warmth of her body although she was not touching him. She was still looking up at him, her lips parted slightly.

"I wouldn't want to disappoint you," Lane said. "I wouldn't want you to tell Perry that you failed in your duty."

He wrapped her in his arms, kissed her. He had meant it to be a brutal embrace—brusque, overbearing, unsentimentally possessive—but somehow it was clumsily tender. She was so small and fragile against him! When he raised his head, a little bewildered, she was still looking at him.

"Thank you," she said. "Thank you—for Mr. Perry."

Then, abruptly, she stirred in his embrace.

"Let me go, Walt. I've just thought of something. Let me go."

"I'm going with you. I've got to get my clothes."

Whatever sudden purpose had come into the girl's head, she was determined to accomplish it without delay. She slipped out from under Lane's arms, started running. She was small, but she was agile. Lane had to stretch his legs to keep up with her. She went through the two screen doors of the Hen House veranda so fast that they shut with a single bang.

The survivors of the supper party were in the last stages of boredom. The other swimmers had not yet returned. Katherine was doing her best to entertain four overseers who didn't know when to go home. Nita was stretched in a chaise longue, reading, smoking a cigarette through a long holder.

"Pursued by marine monsters?" asked Nita idly, looking over the top of her book at the breathless Muriel.

Muriel glanced swiftly around the room. "Where's Cecil?" she demanded.

"Gone," said Nita.

"Where did he go?"

"To the dogs, probably," Nita replied. "He left no forwarding address."

"Save the cracks, Nita. When did he leave?"

"Right after you went swimming. What's the matter, Muriel? Don't look so tragic. I doubt if death has taken your Holliday."

Muriel sat down limply. Her wet bathing suit made a dark mark on the cretonne settee cover. She said, "Nita, Stilton is dead."

BILL ROLAND may not have been the tallest or the limpest U. S. vice-consul in the service, but he was probably the most bored. And he was not too happy among the bedroom lizards, tarantulas, green roaches and other tropical fauna that had resisted the reconditioning of the former Chinese *tienda* purchased by the American government—at a bargain—for its consular representative at Puerto Musa.

On this particular evening, Bill Roland had gone home directly from the shipboard banquet, because he had not yet read his official mail that the Bonaca had brought. Not that there would be anything important in the pouch; there never was. The sole

(Continued on page 36)

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So Help Us

By Joel Sayre

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

The domestic life of Hollywood stars, as enlivened by the help

HUGH WALPOLE, the British novelist, was imported to adapt David Copperfield to the screen. One day he went to a cocktail party. When the butler came by with the things on the tray the patter ran something like this:

"Cocktail, Mr. Walpole?"

"Thank you. You're English, of course."

"Of course, sir."

"Tell me, ah, how do you find it out here on the whole?"

"Very pleasant on the whole, sir. Very pleasant, thank you."

"Yes, yes, of course, naturally. But, ah, hmmm, not quite like home, eh? Not on the whole, I mean."

"Well, no, sir, hardly quite like. Arter all, sir, this *is* Hollywood."

"Hmm, yes, so it is to be sure. . . . I suppose a man like you's out here merely for the remuneration?"

"Why, of course, sir. Isn't that what a man like you's out here for?"

This note is a constantly recurring *motif* in the Hollywood domestic symphony. Let a Filipino houseboy get hollered at by a great big important magnate because he didn't sprinkle enough shredded onion on the caviar. All he has to do is hover around the upstairs extension. Sooner or later he's bound to hear the great big important magnate get hollered at by the New York office because the public is sprinkling nothing but shredded onion on his last picture, Foxy Grandpa Fights Back. Retribution of this kind is never long in coming and makes for real domestic democracy. The old adage, Like master, like man, was never truer than it is today in Hollywood and explains almost everything.

There is even a screen writer who has put his four servants under contract. These contracts are geared to his own. If he gets a raise, the servants get a raise. If he doesn't, they don't. If he ever has to take a cut, they will have to take a pro rata cut with him. These servants are said to go to this writer's pictures and whistle their fingers to the bone.

In thus identifying themselves so closely with their employers' careers, it is only natural that some Hollywood servants develop acting ambitions. After all, the great Garbo began life as a lady barber, Joan Crawford slung hash, and Eddie Cantor was once valet to a burlesque impresario. So, if you're having picture people in, you'll hardly be surprised when your colored boy drops the platter of sandwiches and goes into an imitation of Bojangles Robinson doing the scrunch. He's hoping some executive or director will spot him and decide in a flash that he's just the type.

An additional factor that works greatly to a servant's advantage in the film capital is the pioneer spirit that still prevails there. Hollywood is the Last Frontier. Nobody is very particular about your past in such an upstart civilization (a written reference is a great rarity), and dear to an enormous percentage of the citizenry is the ancient musical maxim, If you can't play it, fake it. Hence, in many walks of life, standards of efficiency are often waived and eccentricities are overlooked. Seldom has a Hollywood servant been hanged the first time for trying to fake it and failing.

It is an axiom among Hollywood employers that emergency servants rarely turn out satisfactorily. Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy had a butler thrust upon her who turned out to be a one-shot servant of the emergency type. On their wedding trip her producer-director husband took a great shine to the steward who served their table during the Empress of Britain's round-the-world cruise, and insisted he would make an ideal butler for them when they got back. The bride thought less than nothing of this idea, but the groom had his way. A few hours before the liner docked at San Pedro, she received a radiogram from her father, who is president of Warner Brothers-First National, telling her she was giving a dinner that night for the Sultan and Sultana of Johore.

An equerry appeared at her house in the afternoon and issued detailed instructions to be observed when their majesties received the guests. As the guests were to be most of the crowned heads of Hollywood, it only stepped up the bride's headache.

But things got off to a splendid start. The sultan and sultana were most gracious, while the crowned heads readily adjusted themselves to the Buckingham Palace atmosphere of bowing and curtsies and restrained small talk. By the time dinner was announced one and all seemed to have achieved the maximum in little-finger-crooking moods. Places were taken at table, and there was that few moments' silence that always precedes the loosening of the cataract.

Then the pantry door flew open. Out rushed the former steward and rapidly dealt off seven tomato supremes ranged neatly along his left arm.

Then There Are the Vegetarians

Or take eccentricities: A Swedish couple worked years and years for the producer, Jesse Lasky. Olaf and Anna were faultless in every respect except that they were a trifle nuts about vegetarianism. Not that they ever objected vocally or by sneers or glowers to cooking and serving all the meat the Lasky family wanted. Olaf and Anna were far too dignified. They were pamphleteers. Mrs. Lasky would open her purse at a bridge party to fish out her compact and come across a little tract entitled: Animals Don't Kill Each Other in Needless Wars. Why? Because They Eat Vegetables. The producer would put a hand in his overcoat pocket and bring

Garbo began life as a lady barber; Joan Crawford slung hash

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up something called Shunning Meat or The Royal Road to Heaven. Once Jesse, Jr., found pasted to the steering wheel of his roadster The Conquerors of Tomorrow; By Their Fruits Ye Shall Know Them. Every member of the family unto the remotest cousins would encounter these graminivorous entreaties at all hours of the day and night—under pillows and plates and blotters, in drawers and books, behind clocks and pictures. Neither faction ever mentioned them.

The eccentricities of Filipino servants usually spring from too great a literal-mindedness. Told by his employer that in order to cure his cold he must wear his hat at all times, one boy insisted for a whole week on serving every meal with his jaunty snap-brim fedora cocked over an ear. Another boy who worked for a song writer was encouraged to practice as much as possible on the eight-dollar violin he was taking correspondence lessons to master. This song writer was a neurotic fellow who could compose only at home on his old battered upright. But from then on, no sooner would he sit down at it and start to pick out an idea than the boy would rush in with his fiddle and accompany him. When the song writer locked the door, the boy accompanied him through the keyhole.

But perhaps the worst instance of Filipino literal-mindedness landed on Rowland Leigh, the English librettist and screen writer. His boy answered his first doorbell, came into the study and announced:

"There's a guy out here to see you."

"Not *guy*, Pancho, *gentleman*. There's a gentleman to see you."

"Gentleman," Pancho mumbled.

This exchange of unpleasantries took place so often it became a shouting matter. Then one night the doorbell rang and Pancho announced:

"There's two gentlemen out here to see you."

"Splendid, Pancho, splendid! You're improving magnificently. Show the gentlemen in."

So Pancho showed in two very tough guys who pointed gats at the master and took everything in the apartment that could be carried away without a burro.

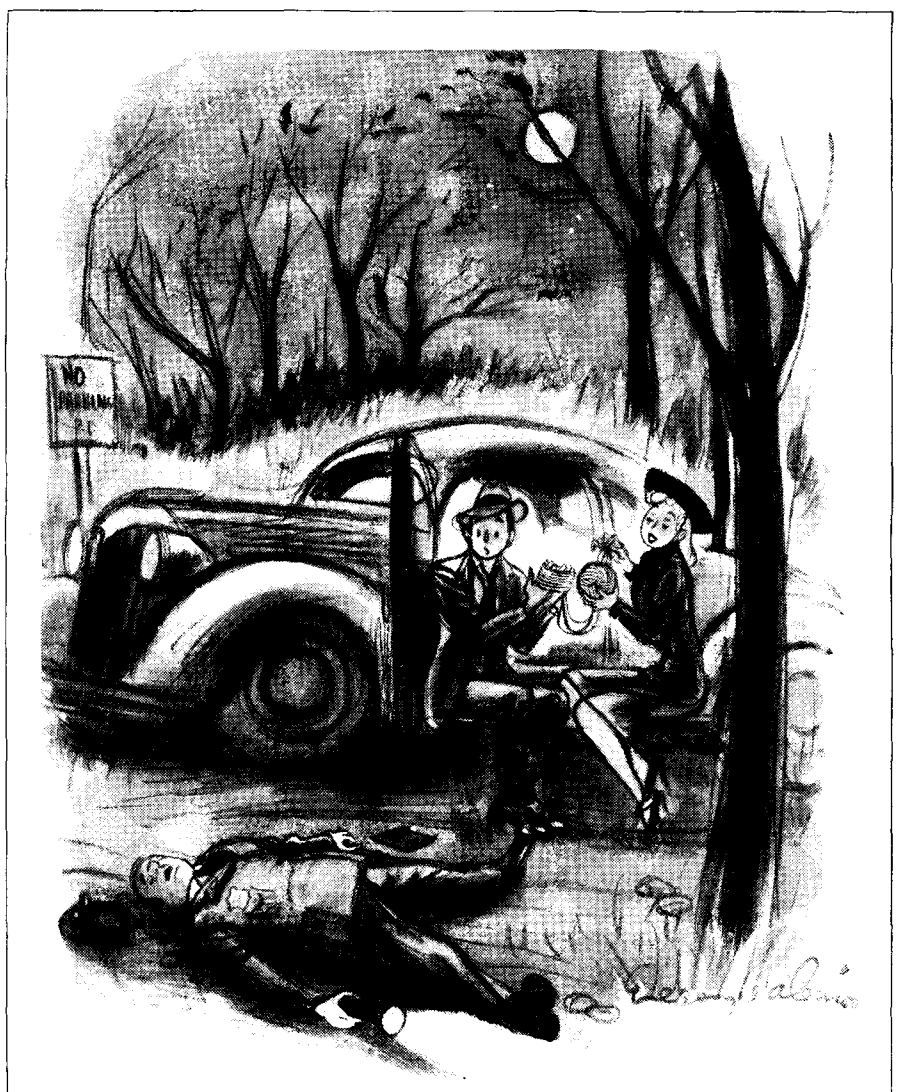
There's More To It Than Salary

There is an old Hollywood joke about a star's little girl who was writing a school composition on poverty. "Once there was a very poor family," she wrote. "The daddy was poor and the mummy was poor and the children were poor and the butler was poor and the chauffeur was poor." Like everything else in Hollywood, the moral of this joke is too blown up; but undoubtedly, what with board and lodging thrown in, servants there aren't doing badly in this year of the recession. Here are the prevailing monthly wage rates for servants who are supposed to know their jobs:

Butler (white)	$100 to $175
Butler (colored)	75 to 85
Chauffeur (does bodyguarding at top price)	90 to 150
Cook	75 to 100
Couples (for long service)	150 to 250
Personal Maid (studio)	100
Personal Maid (home)	80
Serving Maid	60
Valet (home and studio)	90 to 100

Then there is looting. Many Hollywood servants do not loot; some are veritable Genghis Khans. Every purveyor of food and drink in Hollywood has to pay cuts, generally ten per cent, to servants who demand them. If they don't, the servants will swing their employers' accounts elsewhere. Stars are particularly vulnerable.

The late John Gilbert never planned meals in advance. If he wanted roast ortolans and pineapple fritters in the middle of the night, it was up to his household staff to provide roast ortolans and pineapple fritters. To meet any eating emergency he kept a hotel-size refrigerator always stuffed with every imaginable kind of food. One Thursday night he was a last-minute dinner guest at a friend's house. Looking up from his soup he thought he saw his own butler serving as second man. This gave him such a nasty jar he decided to pretend not to notice, but the next day he sent his business manager out sleuthing. The business manager found that the host's second man *was* Gilbert's butler, and he also uncovered a junta of calorie smugglers. The Gilbert servants were not only shaking down the merchants who supplied the Gilbert groceries (and consequently whacking up the Gilbert grocery bills) but were also using most of the Gilbert groceries to run a catering business of their own. The food served at the dinner had been paid for by the host and by Gilbert as well.



"I told you he'd faint when he saw us" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

Large numbers of Hollywood servants are snobs. The phrases, "Maybe so—in my last place, though" . . . and "Well, when we were with Mr. Gable" . . . have put many a silver thread among the gold out here. One cook drove an actress to the edge of her mental abyss by protesting all orders or suggestions: "But in the palatial home of Mr. Babe Hardy of Laurel and Hardy—" A washerwoman who was cautioned to be careful of the silks observed: "This hardly seems like laundry after working for Miss Dietrich." And there is scarcely a hostess in Hollywood who has not shown a new servant around the premises and been asked with a sniff: "Is this the *whole* house?"

A component of snobbery is the critical spirit. Milt Gross had a butler who was a kind of Negro George Jean Nathan. Wendel's specialty was the breakfast post-mortem.

Servant-Hall Critics

"I wouldn't say, Mr. Gross, that that was any more than just another nice little party last night. Opened up good enough, but long about 10:30 she begun to sag. Mr. Groucho tried hard and came home first easy, though I have seen him better. Mr. Cagney oughta loosen up more. Several of them stories of yours got a hand, but I think you better get some new ones. Mr. Chasen was good when he crawled in with the hat on and the rubber band holding back his nose thataway. Ladies sure did look nice in their new dresses. But it was kinda disappointing when you add it up."

The All-Time-All-Hollywood record for this sort of thing, though, was run up by a butler named Axel who worked a couple of months for Charles Butterworth. One morning the Butterworths were awakened by a terrible uproar that seemed to come from the tennis court. Axel's bellows could be clearly distinguished above the barking of the dachshund and the terrier. Butterworth got up and looked out of the window, but all he could see was a car driving off. When he got downstairs he asked Axel what the trouble was.

"Oh, just some tramps, sir, who wanted to play doubles. I sicked the dogs on them."

After breakfast Butterworth took a racket and a bucket of old balls out to the court to practice serves. He had zinged over five or six that looked too tough even for Budge, when Axel appeared.

"No, no, no, no, no! You're doing *everything* wrong, sir. In the first place your weight isn't evenly distributed on the balls of your feet, and your timing's horrible. Then your left shoulder's much too high. You're throwing the ball up too low. And you're trying that old modified Western grip none of the best players would think of using any more."

"They wouldn't, eh?"

"I should say not, sir. Here, let me show you."

Axel took the racket and with perfect form drove three balls into the center of the net.

"You get the idea, Mr. Butterworth. Excuse me, sir, I think I hear the telephone."

Butterworth served a ball and caught a crab. Practicing serves didn't seem fun any more.

"It's for you, sir. A Mr. Marx."

It was Butterworth's pal, Groucho, who wanted to know why he and his brothers had been run off the court as if they had the smallpox or something equally contagious.

But sometimes the critical spirit is to be preferred to the benevolent. There is an unmarried writer who used to start feeling terrible whenever his birthday drew nigh. "Look at you!" he would say to himself. "Thirty-six next Wednesday and what have you got to show for it? Screen credits on a few lousy pictures." By Wednesday alongside this writer Job would have been a gross, hurrah type of backslapper wearing a paper hat.

Thoughtfulness That Embarrasses

Two birthdays ago Floyd, this writer's cook-chaffeur-valet, decided that what the boss needed to cheer him up was a surprise party. He ordered eighty chairs from the neighborhood undertaker, got in touch with a caterer, sneaked the writer's little red book out of his wallet and called all the numbers in it.

Only some dreadful Act of God like an earthquake or a tidal wave could otherwise have brought such a collection of people together. If you are a single man in Hollywood there are apt to be ladies you don't ask to dinner; but Floyd had asked both kinds, and not one, apparently, had declined. There were sweet, white-haired beldames, friends of the writer's mother. There were old flames the writer had forgotten years ago; and there were both halves of long-divorced couples in plenty. Wives found out things about their husbands it would have been better for them not to have found out. The writer's tailor came and so did his chiropodist and a former agent who was suing him and the studio masseur and a bookmaker he owed heavily. There were also a few fellow scenarists, a director or two and several of the inevitable ex-Wampas baby stars.

As the very last casualty was being removed from the scene of the carnage, Floyd bowed and presented his master with a sheaf of bills totaling over four hundred dollars.

But the strangest Hollywood servant story I know is one in which a friend of mine was involved. He went to dinner at the home of a lady whom a senior class at an Eastern college once voted Favorite Movie Actress. Sound threw this lady for a terrible loss, so she married a director whose first name is Jack and retired from the screen. My friend sat on her right hand at table and kept staring at the maid every time she came into the room.

"You're not very gabby tonight."

My friend laughed.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but I'm going *crazy* trying to remember who it is your maid reminds me of. I can't for the life of me think except that it was somebody long ago."

"That's easy," said the Old College Favorite. "She reminds you of herself. It's Jack first wife."

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Bert Beal's Daughter

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Mark knew all about love—all except one important thing, and he learned that

MOST of the men there on the dock knew why Bert Beal had come to wait for Mark Jordon. They had heard something about Bert's daughter, Ermina, and this Mark Jordon.

The men—fishermen, factory hands, town loafers—stood around in mildly interested groups, their eyes shifting from the massive figure of Bert Beal to the pilothouse of the Edna M., tied up to the dock. From the door of the trim, gray superstructure would come young Captain Jordon, master of the sixty-foot sardiner, out of Eastport. He would come out and face Bert Beal.

In spite of some tenseness, indignation wasn't high. The fathers of daughters among the men waiting there in the fog-gray afternoon shared some sympathy with Mr. Beal and occasionally one would wag his head and mutter, "Well—Bert's right!"

But the easygoing nature of the fishermen, their good humor and tolerance, didn't foster any lynching fervor—any mass revenge against the man Bert claimed was out to ruin his daughter. There were too many among them who were convinced that Bert didn't have any real reason for getting so excited. That, however, was none of their business. They had come to see a fight and there wasn't a man in the lot of them who would permit anything to prevent that fight.

What the young men who knew both Jordon and Ermina Beal couldn't understand was why Mark—the carousing, hell-raising, seafaring Mark Jordon—ever went around with little Ermina Beal. She wasn't exactly pretty and she read books. It didn't fit in with Jordon's reputation. He had been places: to South America, the West Indies, New York—and he knew something about women. It puzzled the boys and they couldn't figure out why Mark would be wasting his time fooling around with a small-town girl like Ermina. . . .

The door of the pilothouse slammed shut and a long, smoothly built man in a blue serge coat and white duck pants walked unhurriedly down the four steps

They went outside and walked through the grove. He saw other couples, and he felt like a softie, walking in the moonlight with a girl

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of the gangway to the forward deck of the vessel. He wore no hat. His hair was black and close-clipped. He stopped for a moment at the hatch of the forecastle and shouted to someone below. His voice was hard, commanding. For a moment he stood there listening to the mutterings of the man below decks. Presently an amused smile came to his mouth. He called down the hatchway, "All right—when you sober up, Chet, come up and look her over—I tell you we're in Havana." Then he laughed and turned to the dock.

HE WALKED up the dock to the group of men. He was good-looking. His young, weathered face was smooth with a new shave and his strong gray eyes regarded each man without hurry. He nodded to Charlie Dorr and Penny Gibson, who shipped fish and lobsters on his vessel to Boston. He gave a half salute to a couple of the factory boys. The boys were fight fans. They looked him over and, seeing him freshly again, mentally shifted the odds against Jordon to even money. They liked the swing of his shoulders and they took in the long reach of his right, which ended in a thick-fingered, square hand.

Mark kept on walking along the dock. When he came face to face with Bert Beal, who had stepped out into his path, Mark nodded and those near him heard him say in a friendly way, "'Lo, Mr. Beal."

Bert stood there, big, swaggering. He kept looking at Mark. Then he said, "'Lo, Jordon." His voice was slow, insinuating.

Mark regarded him for a second, trying to gauge him.

"What you want, Mr. Beal?"

"Just one thing," Bert said. "A good crack at your face."

Mark didn't say anything.

Bert said, "I don't figure there's no call to be tellin' you why I'm here!"

Mark looked curiously at Bert. "Don't be a fool, Bert," he said, a trace of hardness coming into his voice.

Bert's red face had faded some and the china-blue eyes shifted as he said, "They tell me you're a stinker, Jordon. And I'm telling you I don't want a stinker hanging around Ermina. You ain't seeing her again. See?"

"That's for her to say," Mark said.

"It's for me to make it take," Bert said. "I'm going to make it take." He started forward, raising his hands.

Jordon made no move to protect himself. He was dead calm. He said, "Use your head, Bert."

Bert, too anxious, let go without getting into position and his fist whipped by Mark's head. The momentum swung Bert halfway around. Mark didn't even bring up his hands. He said, "Use your head, Bert." He walked right by Bert and stood for a moment with his back to him and said to Penny Gibson, "I'm clearing at nine in the morning. Any herring running?"

"Some," Penny said.

"I'll take all you got. This is my last trip. I'm selling the Edna up to Boston. How many hogshead you got?"

Penny couldn't answer. His eyes were fixed on something behind Mark's shoulder. Suddenly he shouted, "Look out, Mark!"

Mark shifted quickly to the left and turned. Bert's fist glanced off his shoulder. Mark moved in fast and nailed Bert's arm and began turning it. The factory boys saw the muscles work under Mark's coat. They saw the hammerlock tighten the arm up Bert's back and they heard Bert grunt.

Mark said, still in dead calm: "If Ermina don't want to see me she won't be waiting for me." He let Bert go and brushed by him and walked along the dock to the shell road that led to town. He didn't even look back to see Bert Beal, pale now, shaking a fist at him.

The funny part about it, he thought, as he walked along the road to town, was that Bert had almost guessed right. Twenty-four hours more and he would really have something to be sore about. The old fool!

He was meeting Ermina on the Addison road. He would pick up the car he had hired last week at Slim Worcester's garage and drive out to Grant's where Ermina was supposed to be spending the evening. From Grant's they would go to the dance at the Willy District. From the dance—well, you couldn't always tell about a girl like Ermina; but he had that pretty well worked out.

Mark had picked her up on a Sunday afternoon about four weeks before when his vessel lay at the dock in Jonesport waiting for Monday morning's shipment to Boston. He almost stepped on her on the beach. Not that he often walked along a beach, but it was a short cut to The Gullet, which stayed open even on a Sunday. She was on her stomach, her chin in her hand, reading a book, and he almost stepped on her legs. She was wearing glasses and she wasn't his type and he almost went on without saying anything more than, "Sorry," when he got the idea that he might have some fun kidding her. She was better-looking when she took off her glasses.

BUT it wasn't her looks that made him stay on, sifting sand through his fingers and talking about the sea. She had violet-colored eyes which looked lonely and passionate and innocent, and he could tell that she was just a kid who had been sort of left alone because she wasn't so good-looking. She had a large mouth and freckles and her black hair was straight. But if you looked at her legs or her figure, you could see that she wasn't so bad. And if you looked at her eyes you could see that she had something there which others hadn't been wise enough to notice.

So Mark sifted sand and told her about the sea and thought that she would be worth while investigating. She talked about poetry—which wasn't so hot. But he liked to listen to her soft, smoky voice. She told him she knew all about him—that Ruth Grant had told her not to have anything to do with Mark Jordon—he was a bad one.

And seeing that she wasn't so good-looking he didn't try very hard to impress her and he didn't bother about trying to kiss her. He just went on talking about the sea because he liked to hear himself talk about the sea. And he let her talk about herself because it didn't make much difference what impression he made on her. She told him that at high school she had graduated with honors and was class valedictorian and that she liked to dance because she liked the rhythm of music. "It's like the waves," she had said. He hadn't thought of it that way—but, if she wanted to, that was all right with him.

They talked for a long time and she told him he was so different from what Ruth Grant had told her about him. She admitted she had been frightened when she had looked up and found that it was Mark Jordon standing there looking down at her. Ordinarily that would have pleased him—but it didn't make much difference to him, coming from the girl who wasn't so good-looking.

When he went back to the vessel after a few drinks at The Gullet and climbed into his bunk, he found himself thinking about Ermina Beal. And he saw pictures of her, lying there in the sand with the sun on her tan skin, her arms, brown on top and firm, and white and soft underneath, and the worn yellow sweater and the way she would suddenly sit up and lean forward, looking at him so seriously as she told him about a book she had been reading. He kept thinking about her violet-colored eyes and he wasn't so sorry that he had sort of made a date to see her again the next time he was in port.

The next time he saw her he kissed her. And that time he knew pretty well how it would run. He would see her once or twice more, talk about the sea and New York and treat her to a soda at Colson's. He would go carefully (she was the kind you had to go slow with) and then later he would take her to a dance, maybe, and a ride in a car he would hire from Slim Worcester. And then, maybe, Bert Beal would have something to get sore about.

Slim Worcester said, "Her old man was looking for you."

"I saw him," Mark said.

Slim was interested but Mark turned to the car and examined it. "Will this thing go?"

"Slick as a top. But she'll break down if you want her to, if you get on a back road somewheres with a girl."

MARK got in and sent the car down the road toward Addison. "These fool town boys," he said to himself; "the best they could do was to take a girl in a car on a back road somewheres." And he felt pretty good thinking of the way he had fixed up his quarters on board the Edna M. All swept out and neat and Chet's parrot in a cage hanging from a crossbeam and the stuffed sailfish he had caught off the Keys and the radio he had bought last week in Boston. He had even put a clean checkered cloth on the table.

Mark found Ermina sitting under a spruce near the Grant mailbox where they had planned to meet. When she saw him coming she got up and stood there watching the car coming down the

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Ever since she had started going out with Mark Jordon, people had noticed a difference in her. The first thing they had seen was the change in her clothes

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Efficiency Kid

By Hurd Barrett

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HARRIS

The young man was always right—not a popular quality, but useful when handled with discretion. He found that out, too

IF YOU were to ask Rambler or Van Weigan about Skip Smith, they'd probably laugh and say he was a redheaded screwball, letting the matter drop at that. Lots of the other boys around Western Aircraft would do the same thing. Which in view of what happened might be the best answer.

Hannibal Scipio Smith—he derived the "Skip" himself as the least horrible of the three possibilities—really shouldn't have got a job at Western in the first place. He was a long, gangly individual, redheaded and about twenty-three; and he talked too much and very positively. Nobody, even Van Weigan himself, knew quite why Smith wasn't thrown out of the personnel office the day he hit Van for a job.

But he wasn't. And at two that afternoon, he'd gotten by Miss Taylor and stood leanly before Van's desk, in the employment office, bristling with assurance. Altogether, Van said, the very picture of an earnest young man. . . .

"Your name," said Van Weigan, consulting the appointment slip, "is Hannibal Scipio Smith?"

Skip nodded. "My father," he explained, "was a professor of Ancient History. I always tell people that right away, because it's more efficient. If I don't, they always wonder about where I got the name and don't concentrate on what I'm saying."

"Oh," said Van Weigan. Then, "Where've you worked?"

"Worked?" said Skip. "They *always* ask me that. It's like the guy who wanted a license to run a steam roller. He couldn't get a license. I've never worked anywhere."

"You told me you were a production man," said Van Weigan.

Skip interrupted him. "I am a production man. People overrate practical experience. I'm probably the best-qualified man for a production job that's ever turned up in this office. Yet you've asked me where I worked. That's inefficient. If I were running an employment office, I'd ask about a man's aptitudes and qualifications."

Van Weigan stared at him, and then laughed. "All right, Smith. What *are* your . . . er . . . aptitudes and qualifications?" Van, be it noted, had something of a sense of humor.

Skip leaned across the desk and frowned for emphasis. "Five years ago," he said, "I took a slide rule and the World Almanac and figured very carefully that a young man had a three per cent better chance of success in the aircraft industry than in any other. Also I came to the conclusion that my natural talents best fitted me for the production end. Since that time, all of my energies have been devoted to training myself. I am a Bachelor of Science in Business Administration and a Limited Commercial Pilot. I've had one year's postgraduate work in Aeronautical Engineering, and a full aircraft mechanic's course at the Atlantic Flying School. I'd be worth ten grand a year to you. Easily."

"Efficiency expert, eh?" said Van Weigan.

"Something like that. I even know something about personnel management." He waved his hand at the austere interior of Van's office. "Take this place, for instance. All wrong. Hard benches to sit on. No private booths to interview applicants in. Time the average man gets to you he's so scared and low you couldn't get a decent interview out of him to save your neck."

"Hm!" said Van Weigan. "What would *you* do about it?"

"Brighten the place up. Put in comfortable chairs and private booths for each interviewer. You could have photographs of the inside of the plant on the walls, too. That way, when a guy looked at them, you'd know how interested he was in the business. And when you were ready to talk to him, he'd be calm and at ease and you could pump what you wanted to know out of him in one quarter the time you take now. . . ." He paused for breath. "Things like that, sir. I could do the same for the shop. By the way, who's in charge of production here?"

"TONY MARLIN," answered Van. There might be something in what the kid had said about his reception room. He wondered why he hadn't thought of that picture gag himself.

"Send me in to see Mr. Marlin," said Skip. "I'll bet I could convince *him*. . . ."

"No!" Van said emphatically. "No! I don't know why I'm doing it, but I'm going to give you a job. It's a dirty job and a hard one. The wages are fifty cents an hour."

Skip asked, "Production?"

"Decidedly not! Day labor. Material Department."

"I don't know whether I want it or not," said Skip dubiously. "It's inefficient to use me for day labor. I could save the company thousands."

"By rights," said Van, "I should have thrown you out ten minutes ago. You have five seconds. Do you want that job?"

"I'll take it," said Skip instantly. "But I still think I'd be more use to you in Production."

Van Weigan sat back in his chair. "Son," he said, "I've let you get away with murder, but listen: your personality has every quality that would drive

Skip collided with a stout assistant superintendent, who, immediately thereafter, found himself in a pool of oil

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Tony Marlin absolutely nuts. Shun him, Smith. Shun him. If you ever run into him, and open that big mouth of yours, he'd eat you up. Now, get out of here."

KEN RAMBLER, foreman of Western's Material Department, inherited Skip the following Monday at precisely 7 A. M. Skip presented himself; grinned, and said, "I'm Smith."

Rambler shook Skip's hand briefly, and said, "Humph!"

"Quite a place you've got here," Skip said expansively, taking in with a sweep of his hand all of Material. "You ought to have an overhead crane for handling the heavy stuff, though."

"Humph!" repeated Rambler. He closed one eye and cocked it at Skip, a habit of his when he was either amused or annoyed, no one could ever tell which. He was proud of his department, and would have told anyone who asked him that Material is the most important unit in the factory. Every ounce of raw material and every purchase part rolls in through the big doors of Material, and is classified and distributed to the factory. Any hitch can tie production up tighter than a bench vise.

Rambler ran the place like a clock, and was justly proud that he operated to within ten per cent of absolute efficiency —which is sensational for the aircraft industry. Skip's reference to the lack of an overhead crane touched a delicate spot in his consciousness. He had been howling for one for the past two years, and the plant engineer had steadily refused to requisition one on the excuse that the money was needed for production tools.

"What," he demanded, "d'you know about airplane stock?"

"Everything," said Skip brightly.

"Humph! Humph! Where'd you work before?"

Skip was going good that morning. "Rambler," he said. "I'll be frank with you. I've never worked anywhere, but I've studied the business from A to Z. In a few days I should be very valuable in pointing out inefficiencies. I'd suggest that you give me an intensive training course. . . ."

That did it. With a muffled, strangling sound, Rambler loosened his suspenders and went straight up. When he descended again, Skip found himself at a long bench, with a pile of duralumin stringers on it. In his hands were a rubber specification stamp bearing the legend "Dural 24st" and an ink pad.

"There's your intensive training course!" roared Rambler. "Stamp them stringers! Stamp each and every one of 'em. And don't be afraid of running out. We got fifty thousand of 'em!"

Skip stamped. Five days a week, eight hours a day, he laid out stringers on the table, slapped his stamp on the pad and swatted savagely. Meanwhile, he kept up a running monologue with Mel Thatcher, his straw boss. "You know," Thatcher told Rambler at the end of the week, "the kid knows his stuff. Take them sheet-stock cases, for instance. They average four hundred pounds apiece and he says that if we unpacked 'em when they first come in we wouldn't have to move 'em twice."

"Worth thinking about," said Rambler. "How's his work?"

"OKAY," said Thatcher. "He stamps them extrusions like he was punching someone he didn't like in the puss, mumbling under his breath about how inefficient it is to mark 'em that way."

"Humph!" Then, "Leave him lay another week and then start him checking stock. Meanwhile, tell him that he'll do better if he keeps his trap shut."

Skip never got the stock-checking job. Disaster overtook him. Monday morning, he entered Material with a package under his arm.

Proceeding directly to the stamping bench, he unwrapped a small machine, consisting of a slotted metal platform, a flexible arm that worked vertically up and down in response to pressure on a foot pedal, and a second arm that slapped up against the bottom of the first when pressure on the foot pedal was released.

Skip clamped the rubber stamp: "Dural—24st" to the base of the first moving arm, a stamp pad to the receptacle in the second arm, slipped a duralumin stringer in the slot, and settled down to work. His stamping machine—self-inking by reason of its second arm—turned out 24-foot stringers, marked with absolute uniformity, at the rate of two hundred an hour, which was just four times Skip's previous production. He was eminently satisfied.

He stamped merrily until nine o'clock —four hundred stringers later—when Rambler emerged from his office and came over to him. "Humph!" he said. "Where did you get that thing?"

"Made it on my own time," said Skip proudly. "Two hundred pieces an hour."

"Humph!" said Rambler again. "Like this work?"

"No. I'd be more valuable to you somewhere else."

"Maybe you would," Rambler agreed. "Maybe you would." Then: "This ain't a bad outfit, Smith. Shows a lot of sincere thought. Keep up the good work."

Rambler watched the machine a little longer, and then turned to leave. It was obviously afterthought that led him to pick up one of the marked stringers, turn it over and discover—just under each inked marking—a nasty, triangular gouge induced by the sharp edge of the slot in the machine's metal platform. For a moment, there was ominous silence. Then he exploded.

"You're fired!" he roared. "No, you ain't! Firing's too good for you! Get some crocus cloth and some oil. Then sit down here and rub the gouges out of them stringers. When you get done, find some leather, oil it and line that slot in your stamper so it won't ruin any more material. After that, come and see me. I got to get rid of you. You're driving me nuts. I'll get you another job."

"In Production?" asked Skip hopefully. "I'd like to work there. That's my line."

RAMBLER snorted. "Don't be a sap! Tony Marlin'd half kill you the first time you opened your trap."

"You're the second guy who's told me that," said Skip. "Van Weigan was the other."

"He's right," said Rambler. Then, "You're a good worker. That stamping gadget is okay; so is your idea about the sheet stock. Keep your mouth shut and your nose clean and you'll go places. Keep popping off this way, and somebody'll can you sure. Take your choice." He began to laugh.

"What's the matter?" asked Skip.

"I was just thinking," said Rambler, "what a dirty trick I'm playing on whoever gets you next!"

By the time Skip had been at Western a month, everyone with whom he'd come in contact was trying to keep him from attempting to hit Tony Marlin for a job in Production. Outside of his more efficient moments he was a good guy. He had a sense of humor, even about himself; he had a nice grin and worked like a dray horse; furthermore, he was as honest as they come. Trouble never started until he commenced talking; but then the party concerned wanted to take him apart and hang the pieces in the nearest tool crib. . . .

In one short month he worked for four bosses, attempted to sell extensive reforms to each of them, and circulated from department to department at about the top speed of a trophy racer.

RAMBLER dumped him on Brown of Tool Storage, who shot him to Ellis in the Stock Room, who shunted him off on Raymond, the traffic manager. Raymond put him to work as a messenger boy, and had a nerve-shattering experience involving Skip and a pair of roller skates he had illegally imported into the factory to speed up his delivery of shop mail. Rounding the main tool crib at a neat clip, one morning, Skip collided with a stout assistant superintendent, who, immediately thereafter, found himself sitting in a pool of oil on the floor of the machine shop.

That afternoon, Raymond deposited Skip firmly in the lap of Crying Joe Saunders. Skip had to pass through the Personnel Office, and Van Weigan called him over to his desk. Van had, incidentally, revamped his office in accordance with Skip's suggestion at their last interview.

"Smith," he said, "can't you keep your mouth shut? We've only twenty departments in this mill. Sooner or later, you're going to run out of places to get transferred to."

For once Skip was subdued. "It doesn't look like it, sir. What happens is that I see what's wrong with the way people do things, and something inside of me says, 'Tell them how!' Then I start talking. I can't seem to help it."

"The worst of it is," said Van Weigan,

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"I didn't ruin half of them," said Skip suddenly. "Only a third. And I'm not ignorant. I'm a college graduate"

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With £100, a sack of flour, and a rocking chair

DID YOU know that the famous Sir Thomas Lipton—international sportsman and "Tea Merchant By Appointment" to three different Royal Families—began life without title or fortune?

• • •

Born in Glasgow of Irish parents, he came to America at 17, had jobs in Virginia and New Orleans. When he went home to start a business of his own, he had a hundred pounds in money, a sack of flour, and a rocking chair for his mother.

1. The young merchant with the up-and-coming American ideas soon had a chain of fine provision shops. He sent to America for bacon, to Denmark for butter. And every time he opened the black-and-gold tea canisters, he wondered where to go for finer tea.

2. At last he found that finer tea. It grew up in the hills on the Isle of Ceylon, and it had a remarkably rich, deeper flavor—an unmatched aroma. Straightway, he bought plantations on those remote plateaus, began the scientific cultivation of tea.

—"PEPS YOU UP!"

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3. With superb varieties from his own gardens as a basis, the eager planter perfected the blend to which he gave his name. Lipton's Tea won medals at five World Fairs; today it is the favorite of seven nations—including ours.

A luxury? Yes!—*but not in price!* No beverage except water costs as little as tea . . . even tea as fine as Lipton's! So get a package today. Pour freshly boiling water over the delicate aromatic leaves. Steep three to five minutes. Then taste the most delicious and reviving drink that Nature offers! Tea at its wonderful best—Lipton's Tea.

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Glamor Boy

Continued from page 10

Gil. It's sweet but it's strictly union."

He leaned forward in his chair, fumbling for a cigarette, his eyes never leaving the girl. Her poise reminded him a little of Carol and still—

When she had finished he rose slowly and went toward the stage. Joan was standing there by the piano, her eyes shining and the faint color of roses in her cheeks. Larry slowly, deliberately, ground out his cigarette, his thoughtful eyes still on the girl.

"You've a nice voice, Joan," he said finally. "Nice but not commercial. It hasn't any tricky difference or quality of tone. Do you see what I mean?"

After a moment she nodded quietly and only in her eyes could you see the disappointment. "Thank you," she said. "I want the truth."

Perhaps it was that disappointment in her eyes and perhaps it was just because he was Larry McLean but he hesitated only a split second, then: "After my broadcast tonight I'm taking a few friends up to Connecticut for the week end. Why don't you stay over and come up with Gil?"

Some of the hurt faded from her eyes. "Oh, I'd like that!" she said. Then, looking at Gil, "That is—"

Larry smiled at him. "How about it, kid?"

Gil nodded slowly, his eyes never leaving Larry McLean's face.

DRIVING up from the city, Joan had been happily excited and now, at the luncheon table, her nicest anticipations were being realized. The house itself had a friendly spaciousness and the dining room was large and sprawling, with an oak-beamed ceiling. Larry McLean's place had always housed the cream of celebrities—guests who had made their names synonymous with entertainment and bright lights gleaming in the night.

Seated right beside Joan was Bert Kays, the musical comedy star, and his sweet-faced wife. Kenny Morgan, the Broadway columnist, was there with his girl, as was Jimmy Grant, the young English actor. If anyone besides Gil had noticed that Larry McLean hadn't invited a girl for himself, he carefully ignored the subject.

After lunch it was Larry who offered to show Joan around the place. There was a colorful rumpus room and bar, a huge living room with wide divans flanking a stone fireplace and (to Joan's mind, nicest of all) a music room in a wing by itself. There were gray-toned walls, heavy draperies and a concert grand piano.

The grave blue eyes were on the autographed pictures hung on the walls. "Having people like that for your friends must mean something," she said.

When they came back to the house Joan paused a moment on the porch, looking out over the rolling countryside.

"It's really beautiful," she said. Then, glancing at him: "You must be proud of all you've accomplished."

He shrugged. "Sometimes. Then you see something you haven't got and the things you have don't mean anything. You always have to have more."

Gil and Kenny Morgan came in from the tennis courts then and Joan went into the house with Gil. Kenny, lighting a cigarette, looked at Larry.

"She's nice," he said. "What gives?"

Larry, examining Kenny's racket, shook his head at the question. "I don't know," he admitted slowly. "I don't know, Kenny. This is a new league."

That afternoon Gil came on Larry and Joan, their heads close together, glancing at random over the guest book.

"There's a call for you, Larry," he said shortly. "I think it's Helen."

Something in his voice made Joan glance at him quickly. Larry started to shake his head impatiently and then, remembering the girl's presence, he said, casually, "Thanks, Gil. I'll take it in my room."

When he was gone Gil took her hand. "Let's go outside, Joan," he said. "I want to talk to you a minute."

She looked at him a moment and he felt an uneasy prescience that she knew what was coming and wanted to avoid it. Nevertheless, she slid her arm through his and they went toward the tennis courts. When they had dropped down on a shady spot near the back courts, Gil could hold it in no longer.

"I'm no good at playing games," he said abruptly. "You know I've always been crazy about you, Joan. What are we going to do about it?"

If Gil hadn't been so terribly in love

"Now don't play with your ice cream, dear; I think someone is waiting to use those telephone books"

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

the smile that she gave him would have been enough. "I don't play games either," she said quietly. "You know that, Gil. It's just that I want to be really sure."

"But—"

Gently she laid her finger against his mouth. "Not yet, Gil. Please."

His mouth tightened and Joan thought suddenly that sometimes he seemed almost a stranger. When he was angry or impatient and those little lines were etched around his rather thin lips it was hard to believe this was the boy she had always gone with. Only his eyes were the same—brown, steady, devoted.

"Let's not quarrel, Gil," she said. "You know how I feel about you, too."

"I hope so," he said. "I wouldn't want Larry McLean to be getting any ideas."

Her head lifted abruptly and you could see the pulse in her throat. After a moment she rose and, struggling to keep her voice steady, said: "I think we'd better go in now. I think we'd better go in before it's too late."

Gil scrambled to his feet in quick alarm. Then, with the sudden hopeless feeling that no matter what he said now would be wrong, he followed her silently toward the house.

During dinner her conversation was politely divided between Gil and Billy, Larry's first piano.

FINALLY Larry suggested that they all go into the music room and look at some of his 16 mm. stuff. Gil made some excuse about work to do and went off to his room, so it was Joan who was sitting beside Larry as he ran off the film. Even in the darkness he could sense that she was tightened up and trying hard not to show it. Once the light from the projector caught her face in an unguarded moment and what he saw there made Larry suddenly shut off the film. Turning on the lights, he said casually, "That's all for tonight, folks. I think we'd better turn in."

When they were alone in the room he glanced at her as he was dismantling the silver screen. "What happened?"

"Oh, nothing, really," she said slowly. "It was just—just that Billy told me about your reputation for discouraging girl singers."

Larry straightened up. "Billy said that?"

"It's the truth, isn't it?"

"Even so," he began grimly.

"You don't understand, Larry," she said quietly. "That part really doesn't matter. It's—it's just that I'd made a mistake about Gil."

You can't explain to another man how it feels to lose suddenly something that had always been so secure and strong within you. To lose it by finding your man is afraid, afraid of other men, afraid even of careers. If Gil, who had always been so honest, had only *told* her how he had felt, instead of using Larry McLean. You can't explain things like that to anyone.

But men like Larry McLean don't need explanations. He was watching her now and he said casually, and just lightly enough, "Are you sure you're being fair to Gil? I think I could understand why he did it."

The girl colored as she realized he had kept pace with her thoughts.

"But," she said helplessly, "it seems so petty, so unlike—"

"Look," said Larry, "why don't you run and put on your coat so we can go for a little drive? I don't feel like sleeping anyway."

The Helens might have accepted Larry's understanding at something less than face value. But Joan, riding through that still autumn night and glancing at those clean-cut features, was thinking how often you can be wrong in your preconceived ideas of people. This wasn't the Larry McLean of the gossip columns nor the smiling maestro of the rotogravures. This was just a rather tired-looking man—and a nice one.

After a while they came to a bluff overlooking a broad sweep of the valley, now sleeping in the night. Far off there were tiny lights that seemed to flicker and glow. Larry shut off the motor and they sat there silently, gazing at those distant fireflies.

"I like it here," he said finally. "It rests me." His voice was weary.

GAZING off at the lights, he said presently, "This is one of the reasons Gil was right, Joan. Trying to keep your name up there takes a lot out of you."

"I know," she said. "It was just that every girl seems to go through a stage of wanting a career. If he'd only—" The words died of their own futility.

"It's only the results that count," said Larry. "Now you'll forget all those silly ideas about chasing rainbows and you'll have a lot of nice things that applause and money can't always bring you."

She looked at him then. "Do you really mean that?"

"Of course I mean it!" he said, and his voice was sharp and sounded almost as if he were angry with himself. "You start out seeking one thing and you end up with something else. You get a brass ring on a merry-go-round that you can't get off. You find out that he travels fastest who travels alone. Is that your idea of fun?"

"No," she said slowly, "no, I wouldn't want anything like that."

"Then you're smart," said Larry. "When your name's up there on the marquee you get all the little gadgets that go with it. Friends and boats and houses and pictures in the newspapers. But they're still not enough. Something's always missing. Always."

His voice sounded so tired and empty that she impulsively laid her hand on his. Then, without their ever quite realizing how, she was in his arms. Sweet young lips that were softly parted.

He drew away from her slowly, staring into those grave blue eyes as if, for the first time, he could see the clear reflection of Larry McLean and what he had needed. Someone like this girl. Fresh and young and eager, someone who would be proud of his success. He needed an upbeat like that. That was what had been missing. Glamor boys don't marry. They can't afford to.

But Larry McLean could. He'd been up there too long to have his career hurt by marriage. He could get by on

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his own now. Especially if the girl was worth the having. If the girl was like Joan . . .

He was still thinking about that as they drove away from the bluff. She smiled up at him once and he put his arm around her then. They slid silently through the night, no sounds to mar their thoughts.

IT WAS almost dawn before Larry finally fell asleep. His weekly schedule had been lying there on the dresser and, glancing at that long list of engagements, rehearsals, dinners and benefits, he had felt a sudden, sullen distaste.

He was thirty-six now. When a man got to be forty and then forty-five, that playboy background was no longer a business asset. After a certain age a man only looked foolish when he tried to keep up that game. Now was the time to step out. To exit gracefully; to follow the best showmanship tradition, going off before they were tired of you.

When he finally did manage to sleep it was a nervous, restless slumber, punctuated by absurd dreams. By nine, a little red-eyed and feeling every one of those thirty-six years, he was up and on his way down to the pool. Gil was [illegible] the diving platform.

[illegible] nodded shortly. "Good morning." Then, as he stripped off his [illegible] "I think you'd better run into town today, Gil. I want you to check with Halderman about that last Crossley report."

The boy looked at him with inscrutable eyes and then, shaking the water from his body like some overgrown puppy, turned silently toward the house.

When Larry came back from his plunge he was feeling almost fit again. Joan was still at the breakfast table and he halted beside her chair, smiling down at her. "How does a picnic sound to you?" he asked. "I know a place that I'd like to show you. It's very lovely."

She looked up at Larry and her smile was all he had hoped it would be. "That would be nice," she said. "I'd like that."

There was a long, pleasant drive and then, a little after noon, they turned off on a dirt road that led into more wooded country. There was a grove of maples, their leaves bronze and crisp in the autumn sun, and a tiny stream that made friendly little gurgles as it rippled over the shallows. They parked the heavy roadster off the road and, laughing at Larry's attempts to carry the hamper, vacuum bottle and blankets with only one pair of arms, made their way down to the grove.

When the sandwiches and coffee were gone and only the chocolate cake was left, Joan stretched her arms and said drowsily, "It's been grand, Larry. Not one ant to our name!"

He grinned at that and she realized more than ever why his name had always been linked with so many beautiful and charming women. He had that [illegible] smile. [illegible] how many women, she wondered, had thought that intimate glance was for them alone? Then, resolutely, she pushed the thought aside; was ashamed of it. This was the real Larry McLean.

IT WAS while they were putting the [illegible] back in the hamper that Joan [illegible] the time. "We'd better hurry," she [illegible]. "Maybe the others—"

"They don't matter," he said. Then, his eyes searching hers: "Or do they?"

Slowly, gravely, almost as if impelled by some force she could neither understand nor resist, she shook her head. He took her in his arms and his kiss was tender. For a moment her eyes flickered open and she looked at him. Then her arms crept around his neck and Larry knew, as he had always known what he wanted, that this was the girl he had to have.

"There're lots of songs, Joan," he said, "but there's only one lyric for people like us. You know what it is."

"I—I guess so."

"I want you to marry me," he said. "Now. Today."

Her lips were tremulous and her blue eyes suddenly wide and a little frightened. "Oh, Larry—"

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said. "I'd make you happy."

"You would," she said. "I know that already."

The urgency in his eyes swept away the flow of thought, vanquished the natural hesitancy.

He saw the answer trembling on her lips and that was enough. When that long, breathless kiss was over, he said huskily: "We'll drive into town right now! I'll pick up some things at the apartment and we'll be married tonight and catch the night plane to Miami. We'll have three whole days before we have to get back for the broadcast!"

"TONIGHT!" she said. "Why, that's impossible—" She broke off then, laughing shakily at the breathlessness of her own voice.

Larry swept that aside as he had always swept things aside.

"Nothing's impossible for us!" he said triumphantly. "Another six hours and you'll be Mrs. McLean!"

"Just think! Three whole days with no crowds, no dates, just a chance to be ourselves!"

There was a sudden, discreet tapping at the door and Larry flung it open. It was the doorman. Touching his cap, he said, "There're some reporters in the lobby, Mr. McLean. Did you want them to come up?"

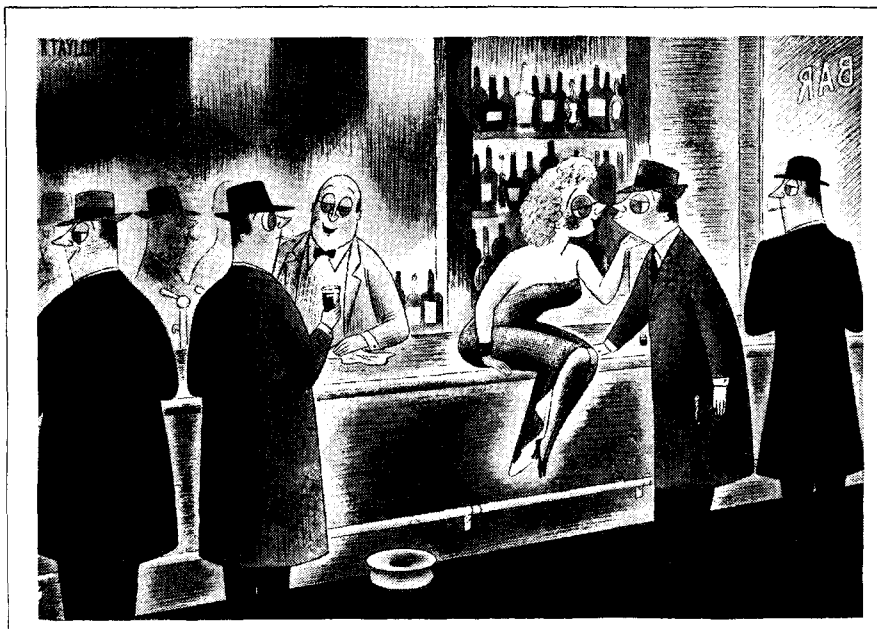
Larry frowned. It didn't seem possible that the papers could have heard anything and yet—

"Stall them as long as you can," he said. And try to find out what they want."

Ed Burke saved the doorman the trouble. The chain's public relations man came hurrying in a few minutes later, flushed and perspiring. The introductions over, he looked despairingly at Larry. "You've really got yourself something," he sighed. "That lobby's full of press cards. Kenny Morgan tipped his sheet that you might pull a sneak and there was a leak somewhere. There's everything but a newsreel downstairs."

Larry's worried gaze went toward the girl. "Maybe we'd better duck out the service entrance," he said finally.

Ed Burke stared at him. "Are you crazy?" he demanded. "Those boys have been building you up for years and then when you do finally take the veil, you want to pull a powder on them!"



"She takes the place of the old free lunch" R. TAYLOR

Joan wandered around that massive apartment overlooking Central Park while Larry threw things into his bag. It was a lovely place, a man's place, and everything you looked at reminded you that this was the home of Larry McLean. There were all those nice things he had wanted and then, when he had them, never had time to enjoy. There was a beautiful electric organ in the living room and for a moment Joan stood there looking at it, wondering if it had ever been used.

In the hallway she came on a closet and, peeking into it, found a huge leather golf bag with a separate compartment for its matched woods. Woods that were now covered with dusty mittens. She'd have to make him take up golf again. He needed things like that.

She could hear Larry in his room, talking to someone named Ed Burke over at the broadcasting chain. Ed was to drop everything else and take care of the license and the reservations to Miami. Another minute and Larry was coming out into the hall, lugging his bags.

He grinned at her. "We're all set, honey! As soon as Ed gets here we're off!" For a moment he held her close.

He shook his head. "You could never make that stick."

"Why not?" asked Joan. "After all, it's our marriage—not some three-ring circus."

SOMETHING in her eyes made Larry hastily bend over and kiss her. "It's just part of the game, Joan," he said reassuringly. "You'll get used to it." He turned to Ed. "Everything set?"

"On the nose," said Ed. "You've got the bridal suite at the Claremont. I made a deal with them and maybe they'll want some kind of a tie-up, see?"

Larry nodded. Joan could tell that he didn't especially like it but still he didn't protest. Maybe after a while, she thought, I'll be used to it, too, she thought filled her with sudden panic.

"All right," said Larry, "let's go. We'll see the reporters and have that over with." They were just starting for the door when it popped open and a pudgy little man came bustling in, mopping his bald head.

"Boy," he said, taking Larry's hand "you had me worried for a minute! We gotta call at the office that you were taking the midnight plane to Miami."

"I am," said Larry. Then to Joan: "This is Jake Steers, of Band Booking Offices. They handle my business."

Joan managed a little smile and Jake bobbed his head, never taking his eyes off Larry. "We ain't going to have no business to handle if you try going to Florida," he said. "You gotta record date tomorrow. You gotta be here!"

"You can cancel out," Larry said, sounding fretful. "I'll fill the date when I come back."

Jake shrugged. "Maybe I can and maybe I can't," he said. "But that still don't help you none. You're penciled in for Mrs. Murchison's ball on Thursday. Maybe records we can stall but the carriage-trade—"

The three men were strangely silent and the girl knew that they were all thinking that it was people like Mrs. Murchison who had put Larry McLean up there.

"I'd forgotten," Larry said finally, and the way he said it made Joan glance at him quickly. Those little tired lines around his mouth had tightened, and when he looked at her she could see the worry and indecision in his eyes.

"What do you think, Joan?" he asked miserably. "Should we just get married now and take our honeymoon later?"

The indecision in his voice told her the answer then. Told her reluctantly but for all time.

"Larry," she said, and her voice was gentle in the stillness, "I think we had better talk this over a minute alone."

When the door to his bedroom had closed behind them she looked at him a moment and said quietly, "We'd better just forget about it, Larry. I'm not what you really want, not even what you need. I'm not sure now that I even loved you."

HE LOOKED so surprised and hurt that she added gently, "I couldn't ever be just one of those things that go with success, Larry. I couldn't stand being put away like those golf clubs, something you had once wanted and then when you had them, never had time to enjoy. I couldn't stand that, Larry!"

His eyes were bewildered. "But that's ridiculous!" he protested. "That isn't the way I feel about you!"

"Not yet," she said, "but after a while you would. Can't you see that you'll never let anything come between you and your work? You can't help that, Larry. It meant so much to you and then you finally got up where you wanted and you want to stay there. You'll always want to stay up there. *That's* what really matters to you."

He looked at her for a long time and when he spoke his voice was dull with the realization of something he had never wanted to admit. "Maybe," he said listlessly, "maybe—"

The door burst open then and Gil was standing there, his face white and drawn with anger. Joan could see the frightened faces of Ed Burke and Jake Steers framed in the doorway behind him.

Gil came slowly toward them, his mouth working. "You asked for it," he said to Larry. "You're a beer [illegible] asking for it [illegible]."

But even as he lifted his arm Joan was clinging to it. "No, Gil!" she said. "No!" He stared at her, his eyes dull with hurt. "Why should I let him get away with it?" he said. "When I got back, Kenny Morgan—"

"Don't, Gil," she said. "It's—it's all been a mistake." What he saw in her eyes made some of the hardness slip from his young features.

"All right," he said gruffly. "Let's go."

They went out into the hall, closing the door behind them. Larry stood there looking at that door for a moment and then his eyes wandered to the dresser with the big picture of Helen on it. Gradually his weary shoulders straightened a little.

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Out of the stirring glory of Kipling's seething world of battle they roar —red-blood and gunpowder heroes all!...The stalwart, loyal, swaggering Sergeants Three, rash and reckless battalioneers, each with a heart for loving, an eye for adventure, two hands for fighting!

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1939 brings the picture that took all of 1938 to make... Armies and war elephants; breath-taking scenes; lusty laughter and romance tuned to the rolling thunder of red drumfire, as headlong through the bristling hills the thin red line of Empire pierces a land the white man rules, but never conquers.

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Fabulous has been the cost of this great picture, thrilling the story of its production—the erection of cities, the building of temples, the fighting of battles and quartermastering an army of actors, technicians, and soldiers in a tent city under the blistering sun of a mountain-guarded desert.

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Screen play by Joel Sayre & Fred Guiol
From a story by Ben Hecht & Charles MacArthur
Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's Poem

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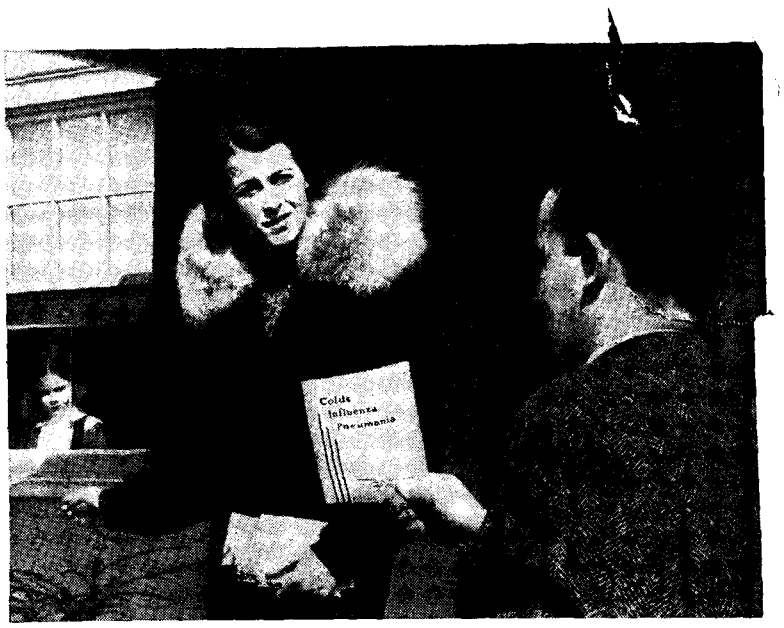
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF DONALD MARTIN

1. **Donald Martin** is an agent for the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. A life insurance agent is known as a man who sells. But wait—that description isn't broad enough for Donald Martin. Like other Metropolitan agents, he not only sells insurance but does many other helpful things. Let's follow him from his home and see some of the things he does.

2. **Here is Donald Martin** in Mrs. Work's home. Mrs. Work greets him pleasantly and little Lucy sa, "Hello." This is not a call to sell insurance. Mrs. Work pays Donald Martin 30 cents, and he writ receipt in a little book she keeps. This money, which Donald Martin comes to collect every week the premiums on the Works' insurance policies. (This system of collecting small weekly or mo. premiums has made life insurance available to millions of the very people who need it most.)

3. **Now we find** Donald Martin calling on Mrs. Brown, who is ill. "With your doctor's approval, I'm asking one of our visiting nurses to drop in to help him," says Donald Martin . . . "But you know I can't afford a visit from a nurse," says Mrs. Brown . . . "You needn't worry," replies Donald Martin: "Metropolitan will pay this nurse." (Metropolitan's Visiting Nursing Service, which is available to the Company's Industrial policyholders in over 7200 communities, is part of Metropolitan's broad program to promote better health.)



4. **Here, Donald Martin,** in passing the Davis' house, sees little Nancy looking dolefully out of the window. "What's the matter with Nancy?" he asks . . . "Oh, she has the sniffles—a little cold, I guess," answers Mrs. Davis. "Well, don't take any chances," says Donald Martin. "Here's a Metropolitan booklet on colds. Read it carefully." (About every half second, a Metropolitan booklet on health is placed in someone's hands.)

5. **Next we find** Donald Martin in the office of Mr. Henry Lent. And this time he *is* selling life insurance. He is selling an insurance *plan* that will provide for Mr. Lent's family if he should die and will pay Mr. Lent, if he lives, a regular income from age 65 on.

6. **This next duty** makes Donald Martin sad but it also makes him proud. He is paying the insurance money to the widow of a policyholder. He is sad at the loss of his friend, but he is proud to be able to place in the widow's hands money she badly needs—and to do it so promptly. Every effort of an efficient organization is directed toward getting money for death claims into beneficiaries' hands as quickly as possible.

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This is Number 10 in a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

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Plan to visit the Metropolitan's exhibits at the ***Golden Gate International Exposition in San Francisco*** *and at the* ***New York World's Fair.***

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I WANT TO S-I-N-G OUT THE NEWS!
. . . I'VE DISCOVERED SOMETHING SIMPLY WONDERFUL!
Copyright, General Foods Corp., 1939
PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD ABOUT POST'S 40% BRAN FLAKES, DOT! THE MOST MARVELOUS-TASTING BREAKFAST CEREAL YOU EVER PUT IN YOUR MOUTH!
GOODNESS— IT MUST BE DELICIOUS FOR YOU TO BE SO ENTHUSIASTIC, SALLY!
YES, AND POST'S BRAN FLAKES ARE MUCH MORE THAN A WONDERFULLY FINE-FLAVORED CEREAL—THEY GIVE YOU TWO IMPORTANT EXTRA BENEFITS . . .
IT SOUNDS LIKE A PERFECTLY MARVELOUS BREAKFAST FOOD, SALLY . . . AND IT MAY BE JUST THE THING I NEED!
I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE THOSE DELICIOUS CRISP FLAKES, DOT— AND POST'S BRAN FLAKES HAVE HELPED COUNTLESS PEOPLE TO KEEP FIT
SIX MONTHS LATER . . .
MMM—DON'T POST'S BRAN FLAKES HAVE A SIMPLY HEAVENLY NUT-LIKE FLAVOR! I'VE BEEN EATING THEM EVERY SINGLE MORNING FOR THE PAST SIX MONTHS, SALLY—AND I'VE BEEN FEELING PERFECTLY GRAND!
AND YOU'RE A DIFFERENT GIRL, TOO! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL TO FIND A CEREAL THAT TASTES SO DELICIOUS AND GIVES THOSE EXTRA BENEFITS TOO!
LIFE IS SWELL WHEN YOU KEEP WELL
Post's 40% Bran Flakes
With Other Parts of Wheat
Malt Syrup, Sugar and Salt
C. W. Post

Here's what Sally means:

First, Post's Bran Flakes provide just enough bran, a *natural* regulator, that helps protect you against sluggishness. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes eaten daily, a wonderful help.

Second, Post's Bran Flakes are rich in phosphorus and iron, are an excellent source of Vitamin B_1 for appetite and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

All this in one grand-tasting cereal with a *double purpose:* to make breakfast a delicious treat, and to help you keep fit!

CONSTIPATION due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran Flakes eaten regularly—as a cereal or in muffins. A competent physician should be consulted for cases not corrected in this simple manner. A Post Cereal—made by General Foods.

Efficiency Kid

Continued from page 22

"you're good material. You're smart and you've studied. You could go places here. You'd make a Production man in a couple of years. You were right about that part of it."

"Then why don't you send me down to see Tony Marlin?"

"He wouldn't stand for you five minutes. Here's what I *am* going to do, though. Next time you turn up in this office for anything except a promotion, I'll hand you a discharge notice. Remembering that *may* help you stop talking. Keep any suggestions you may have to yourself. If you *can't* keep them to yourself, write them up and send them to me. I'll see they get to the proper authorities."

"Maybe that's an idea," said Skip.

"You bet it's an idea."

"What's this new job?" Skip asked him.

"Metal Parts Department. Filing."

Skip grinned his delight. "That's swell. In a clerical job I'll get a chance to learn the system."

Van Weigan stared at him. Then he smiled too. A little wickedly. "Doubtless," he said dryly. "Doubtless. Clerical job. Ha! . . . But don't forget. No more —er—suggestions."

NEXT morning Skip went to work for Crying Joe, filing. . . . When he'd come to work, he'd found—instead of the neat papers and filing cabinet he'd expected—a box of duralumin castings, a work bench and a vise. His job was to take the castings from the box, place them in the vise and remove all irregularities from them with an eight-inch, half-round file.

Nevertheless, mindful no doubt of Van Weigan's warning, he established what for him was some kind of record. For three weeks he toiled at the filing bench without once telling Crying Joe how to run his job. Meanwhile, the factory marveled.

The events that led to his fall from grace were not in the least of his making. The circumstances leading up to his encounter with Tony Marlin and his discharge from Western's pay roll had behind them, apparently, the workings of a diabolical fate.

Tony Marlin had been with Western when the boss opened up out on Randolph Boulevard in the twenties, and what he didn't know about building airplanes you could hide in a little glass box. Tony was the smartest production man in the business.

At 2 P. M. of the afternoon of the day before Skip ran afoul of him, Tony was in his office and comparatively at peace with the world, when Crying Joe Saunders walked into his office with a casting and a blueprint. His face, as usual, was full of woe. Tony sighed. "What do *you* want?" he asked resignedly.

Crying Joe lowered his gaunt frame into a chair, and hitched closer to Tony's desk. "Look!" He held up the casting for Tony's inspection. "Just look!"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Those guys upstairs," wailed Crying Joe, "*draw* things like that. They lean over a drafting table and draw anything that comes into their silly heads. *Look* at it! Supposed to be a floor support. It's got as many faces as a Chinese idol!"

"What of it?" said Tony. "We've still got to make it."

"What *of* it?" Crying Joe's voice was agonized. "It's precision mill work. And Planning sends it to *me!*"

"I told them to," said Tony calmly.

"*You* told them to? What's the matter with the machine shop. Or did you forget we had one?"

"Too many setups," said Tony. "Cost too much. We've only got five hundred to make, and mill fixtures would cost three hundred bucks. Put them out to the bench and have them hand-filed."

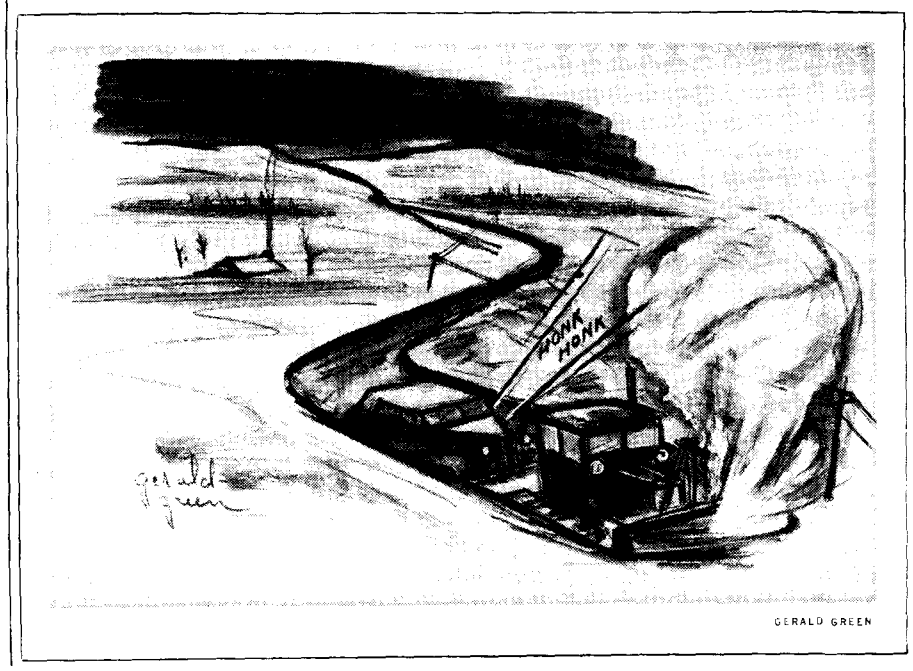
"What's this place coming to?" moaned Saunders. "Precision work, and you want them hand-filed to a micrometer reading! What'll my labor hours be?"

"Never mind about that!" snapped Tony. "File 'em. . . ."

"Suppose I ruin some?" asked Saunders.

"Don't," advised Tony.

Nobody but Saunders ever knew just why he gave those castings to Skip. Maybe it was because Skip was a fast worker, or because the average filer, being four-bit labor, can't read a blueprint for green olives. Skip had told Joe about his engineering training. . . . Anyhow, he gave Skip the five hundred castings and Skip dug in. It took him two hours to do the first one, but it was right as rain. The only trouble from Joe's angle was that two hours times five hundred castings is one thousand hours; and one thousand hours times four bits an hour is five hundred bucks, which is a lot of labor. Which is why, in a weak moment, Joe asked Skip if he couldn't do the job a little faster.



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Skip said he could.

Saunders was off most of the next day at the dentist's. When he got back, there was a stack of finished castings on Skip's work bench, and Skip was working at the moving table disk grinder with a casting set up in a standard three-way adjustable grinding fixture. Joe took one look and broke into full cry.

"What do you think you're doing?" he yowled. "I told you to file 'em!"

Skip looked up from his work. "This beats filing a mile." He waved his hand expansively at the pile of finished castings. "Take a look at those. Right down to the thousandth." He flipped the verniers on the three-way to new readings, turned the casting over, clamped it in place and drew it across the face of the grinding wheel. Whereafter, he checked the casting with his micrometer.

"Right on the nose!" he said. "What they need around here is an efficiency man."

"You can't *do* that on a grinder," said Saunders.

Skip grinned. "I'm doing it."

"How many you got finished?" asked Joe.

"Three hundred odd. Funny nobody ever thought of this before."

"They have," said Joe. "But there never was no mechanic could do offset precision work on a disk grinder. Let me see them micrometers." He checked the casting against the blueprint. It was perfect. He watched Skip adjust the three-way, and grind the face of a fresh casting. He was working fast and confidently—with quick, sure motions. He finished the first cut, shifted the readings on the verniers, and made five more in quick succession. Then he picked up a protractor and measured the angles of the faces. "Darn it," he said. "Missed that one." Calmly, he pulled a wooden box from beneath the bench, and threw the casting into it. He grinned. "No good," he told Saunders brightly.

CRYING JOE went to pieces. Completely and without reserve. He admitted that afterward. With his angular body quivering and tears springing to his eyes, he counted the contents of the box. There were a hundred and seventy castings in it! One hundred and seventy of Tony Marlin's five hundred beautiful castings.

He gave one anguished wail before he pulled the switch on the grinder. Then he pointed a bony finger at Skip. "Stay here!" he howled. "Stay right here. And for Pete's sweet sake, don't mess up nothing else!" Whereafter, he departed —to return, ten minutes later, with Tony Marlin.

Skip saw them coming. Joe, he observed, was working his jaw at top speed and waving his arms, in an effort to make himself heard above the roar of the shop. Tony, to the contrary, came on purposefully, chewing at his unlit cigar, and with somewhat the same aspect of suspended detonation as has a hand grenade in the instant between the pulling of its pin and its explosion.

"Jeepers!" breathed Skip. Then they were upon him.

"A hundred and seventy of 'em," Weeping Joe was moaning. "It's these kids they send us for mechanics—"

Tony glared at him. "Shut up!" he snapped, and turned on Skip. "What the hell did you think *you* were making, kid? Garbage pails? One hundred and seventy aircraft castings you've messed up—at a dollar a pound."

"I thought—" said Skip.

Tony snorted. "You're not paid to think. Joe told you to file them, didn't he?"

Skip shrugged. "Sure he told me to file them. But he wanted them done faster, and I was filing as fast as I could."

"So you put them on the disk grinder, and ruined half of them." Tony hunched his shoulders. "I *should* can you for this, kid, but I'm not going to. We'll just charge it up to ignorance"—he glanced sideways at Crying Joe—"*and* faulty supervision."

"I didn't ruin half of them," said Skip suddenly. "Only a third. And I'm not ignorant. I'm a college graduate in business administration with emphasis on manufacturing, and I know production. Trouble with this place is there're a lot of inefficiencies. Like hand-filing these castings. Look, I'll tell you something—" He stopped, aware of a sudden tension. Tony Marlin was glaring at him and swelling like an adder. . . . Then came the explosion.

"*You'll* tell *me* something?" asked Tony Marlin. "*You'll* tell *me* something? Well, *I'll* tell *you* something. . . ." The voice rose from a whisper to a roar. "You're fired!"

"Wait a minute," said Skip. "I—"

"I told you you're fired! Beat it!"

"Tsk! Again a bad start!" JAY IRVING

"SO," said Van Weigan, when Skip appeared before his desk a few minutes later, "you've finally done it."

Skip was boiling mad. He slapped the discharge slip in front of Van's nose. "Just sign this thing. Just sign it and let me get out of here."

Van Weigan signed the slip. "While you're waiting for your pay check, suppose you tell me what happened."

"What's the use?" asked Skip bitterly. "I'm canned."

Van Weigan shrugged.

Skip said, "I shot off my mouth again. Marlin fired me."

"Have you ever thought," said Van Weigan, "what'll happen to you if you keep on this way? You've got a good brain but no tact. That means you're stupid. . . ." The clerk returned with Skip's pay check. "Give me your badge," he said.

Skip unpinned his shop pass and handed it to Van Weigan. "Well, so long. You've been swell to me. Thanks."

"Wait a minute," said Van Weigan. "Just one thing more. Were you right or wrong?"

"Right," said Skip.

"If you want to type up a report on it, I'll see Tony gets it. It *might* do some good."

"To hell with it," said Skip very quickly. "I'll go somewhere where they appreciate me."

Van Weigan studied his hands. "Quitting, eh?"

"Yes, I am quitting," Skip replied.

"I didn't know you were a quitter, too."

Skip's mouth fell open, staring at Van Weigan. Then, "Do you really think that, sir?"

"Yes," said Van Weigan.

Skip moistened his lips. "Maybe you're right." He picked up his shop pass from Van Weigan's desk and started for the door leading into the plant.

"Where are you going?" said Van Weigan.

Skip's grin was a little twisted. "To see Tony Marlin."

"He'll eat you alive," said Van Weigan.

Skip shrugged. "Maybe he will." He went out the door and down the long aisle toward Production. He passed Fuselage, with its chatter of rivet guns, and Transport Assembly.

It all hit at the same time—the thousand noises and acrid smells and the dust hanging heavy in the beams of afternoon sunlight from the windows in the iron roof. The dingy gray floor and the white water fountains and the faces of men he knew. The thought of leaving it made his heart tighten with a positive pain and brought a mistiness to his vision. . . .

Sure, Tony wouldn't listen. Tony would throw him out of his office. . . . But Van Weigan wouldn't be able to say he was a quitter. . . .

He opened the door of Production Office and went in. The clerks looked up, but he didn't speak to them. Behind them was a door marked "Production Manager." Skip knocked once and opened the door.

Tony Marlin sat hunched down behind his desk, the cigar working at the corner of his mouth. Skip closed the door and Marlin raised his eyes. "What do you want?" he snapped. "I thought I fired you."

"You did. It's just that Van— Will you listen a moment? It's about the castings."

"What about them?" grunted Tony.

"This—I wasn't bragging when I said I'd studied the business. I have. I told you the wrong way, but I know what I'm talking about. I saved you about three hundred and twenty bucks in labor on that job. The castings weighed a little under a pound apiece. I ruined a third of them—one hundred and seventy bucks' worth. But here's the point: It took two hours' labor at four bits an hour to file one by hand. One dollar a casting. I averaged one a minute on the grinder. Less than a penny in labor cost. I could have ruined *fifty* per cent and still broken better than even. In this business—" He stopped. "I'm not telling you how to run things, sir. I just thought you'd like to know about this. . . ."

FOR a moment, Tony was silent. Then, "Suppose I hadn't been able to get new castings in time? Suppose it had held up production?"

"I thought of that too, sir. I looked up the due dates for the order. You call for three ships a week. We could get castings from Frisco in less than a month. That leaves us two weeks' leeway."

Tony Marlin grunted. "You're airtight on that," he said. "Absolutely right. But you're still fired."

"Yes, sir."

"You talk too much."

"I know it. I'm trying to reform."

Tony grunted again.

"You know," said Skip, "I came here to get a job in Production. I could help you a lot. Look—" He picked up a parts order from Tony's desk and pointed at its red serial number. "Any advertising man would tell you red ink is harder to read than black. How many of these orders do you have in the shop every year?"

"Half a million, maybe," said Tony.

"Okay," said Skip. He was picking up speed again. "Each one of these serial numbers gets read six or seven times. That's over three million delays of the maybe one tenth of a second it takes the eye to adjust from black ink to red. Eighty labor hours wasted a year! Plus the difference in cost of two-color printing. If you used black ink altogether, you'd save a lot of bucks."

"Oh!" said Tony. He stared at Skip again. "You think you'd like to work for me?"

"Yes, sir. They say you're hell on wheels but—" He stiffened and a horrified look came into his eyes. "Sorry, Mr. Marlin. I'm not quite reformed yet. I still talk a little too much."

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Up She Goes

By Dorothy Ducas

The rise of Patricia Bowman, who started out with a cold and is now a prima ballerina. Very healthy, too

LEO AARONS

PATSY had a cold in the head. One of those mean, snuffly colds that stole her appetite, disturbed her sleep, made her alternately spiritless and cross. Furthermore, it wasn't the first such cold the eight-year-old girl had had. A whole series had brought her perilously near to being that thorn in any mother's side: a sickly child.

Annie Bowman looked at her and made up her mind.

"You need exercise," she said.

So instead of prescribing cod-liver oil, Patsy's mother took her to the Lisa Gardiner Ballet School in Washington, D. C.—for exercise. Thus, with a cold in the head, was launched the dancing career of Patricia Bowman, former darling of Roxy's and the Radio City Music Hall, who this year has climbed on enchanted toes into her niche among the famous dancers of Russian ballet, as prima ballerina of the Mordkin Ballet.

"She hasn't had a cold since she grew up," says Annie, with satisfaction. Just as if ballet dancers were born every day out of a cold in the head and a search for health!

When you watch Patricia Bowman behind the footlights, poised on the upside-down pyramids of her toes in a dance now as gay as the spangles on her stiff skirt, now as poignant as an audience's appreciative sigh, you can almost see the snows of Moscow, hear the tinkle of Czarist glass. Actually the latest star in the bright firmament of ballet doesn't care beans about the Russian tradition into which she fits as perfectly as a Miss America in her bathing suit. She is pleased as the dickens to be wearing the mantle of Pavlova, Karsavina, Preobrajenskaya and the rest, delighted to be made a prima ballerina by that last remaining ballet master of old Russia, Mikhail Mordkin, Pavlova's famous partner, who received his power to create prima ballerinas from the hand of Czar Nicholas II. But when Patsy talks about herself, it's health she stresses—health and good spirits, dividends of ballet.

Patsy—that's what everybody calls her, instead of Patricia or Miss Bowman—is as authentically American as the towers of Rockefeller Center, beneath whose shadows she danced until she became as much a symbol of the Cathedral of the Motion Picture as a stalwart usher resplendent in gold braid. The little girl with the red-gold hair didn't think twice about her unheard-of step from popularized ballet at Radio City to concert ballet, which carries on the tradition that flowered in Imperial Russia. All in the day's work. Here was something she could do, wanted with all the fire of her American go-getter spirit. Now she has it, she hasn't gone exotic, theoretical or arty. She's the same little American, as unlike the traditional ballerina as baked Idaho potatoes are unlike caviar.

"I'm having a wonderful time," she says, with a shrug of shapely shoulders that, even in a tan sweater, have the rhythm of waves on a tropical shore.

She swears she has enjoyed every minute of it, the dark days with the bright, for she's had her ups and downs, both on the stage and off. There was a time when she and her mother, fresh from Washington and Patsy's year-long high-school course, lived on peanut butter and milk until the pay checks began to come in from her first Broadway engagement in Merry-Go-Round, that musical that spotlighted Libby Holman, the crooner.

There was the bleak moment when, after three precious weeks as soloist at the Strand, she was out because the movies suddenly began to talk, to sing, make music, and flesh-and-blood performers were as unsought after as the horse and buggy. But there was also the day when the late Roxy, himself, sent for her to head his troupe at the theater bearing his name. And that incomparable moment when her grandmother, aged eighty, traveled from Washington to see her granddaughter perform on the gigantic stage, a vibrant figure in a dress of vivid urban blue. That was Annie's moment as well as Patsy's, for Annie had been forbidden to go on the stage when she was young because of her mother's firm conviction that nice young girls didn't.

"She looks like an angel!" breathed Grandmother Byfield. "Annie, I have to admit it—you were right."

From Roxy's to the post-Ziegfeld Follies, to Radio City Music Hall, to London, to Hollywood and into the sacrosanct ranks of the Mordkin Ballet Patsy danced, having a wonderful time. She says she made the grade because of her glowing, gorgeous health, without which her talent could never have blossomed. In fact, she goes farther: says many could have the health—and should—by taking up ballet training. Not toe-dancing. Not dancing at all, unless you have the secret yen. Just those simple movements with which a ballet dancer starts her work each day, rain

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or shine, sick or well, to keep her muscles under control. If you would know the joy of a sure and nimble body, whether it carries you into a new job, into matrimony, or into your own living room with vitality and grace, ballet exercises are your meat, according to Patricia Bowman.

"They make you feel so good!" said Patsy. "Look, I rehearsed eight hours today, stood for an hour's costume fittings, posed for photographers after that. And I'm not tired. It's because my routines have kept me fit, taught me how to walk and stand and sit. If women got the habit of doing ballet exercises each morning, they would know how to use their bodies. They'd walk better, feel better."

She laughed.

"I won't promise that they'd never have another cold," she said. "But I know they would have fewer—and get over them faster."

You can tell a girl who has had ballet training at a glance, continued Patsy. Remember Katharine Hepburn in A Bill of Divorcement? She came down a flight of stairs and across a room as if she were floating. Quick, light little steps, and the air of a dancer. Patsy said to her mother: "That girl has studied ballet." It wasn't until this year she learned Hepburn had studied for three years with Mordkin.

"But she dances mentally with every step she takes," said Patsy. "We can all do that, if we train ourselves."

You can start at any age after eight, explained Patsy. Before that, the muscles are too soft to be rigorously trained. But it is never too late to begin. Take Annie Bowman, who is on the border line of fifty. Up in the ballroom-sized living room of the apartment on Fifty-eighth Street in New York, where the Bowmans live, or in any hotel room from Cuba to Montreal, Patsy's mother does her ballet exercises every morning. A few months ago Annie was puffing when she stooped to pick something up, or when she tried to match Patsy's buoyant steps across city streets. Now it is a positive pleasure.

All you need to start your exercises à la ballet are a pair of moccasins that will stay on your feet, or some soft ballet shoes costing about three dollars; the footboard of a bed or edge of a table heavy enough not to be moved when you use it as a ballet bar; a few records of ballet music or a convenient radio program. Then shed your awe of the dance form and go into your rhythms.

Follow Gilda Gray's Example

Start with the first flutter of your eyelids in the morning. Sit up in bed and shimmy. Yes, shimmy—that motion made into a universal language by Gilda Gray. Shake your shoulders from side to side, until the blood courses through your veins and puts pep into your leap from bed. That puts you in the mood. Then, a *port de bras,* the exercise for arms and shoulders so essential to the beauty of a ballet performance, and just as essential to pleasing posture. Place your finger tips on your shoulders with your elbows at right angles to your body. Throw your elbows back as far as they will go, with the idea in mind of having them touch behind your back. It's impossible, of course, but trying for it makes your work harder. Then bring your elbows forward until they meet in front of your chest, rounding your back as you do so, to create a greater pull. Repeat this sixteen times, first slowly, then more rapidly. Everything in ballet goes by count of four.

Next, the exercise that is the basis of those beautiful ballet spins called pirouettes. It's wonderful for tightening the stomach muscles; reducing the waist. Stand with your legs apart in straddle position. Twist the trunk of your body as far to the right as you can without moving your feet, keeping your knees straight and letting your arms swing around with your body until they're shoulder height. That's the get-set part of the exercise. The strong movement or go comes when you swing completely to the left with both trunk and arms, then bend to the left side as far as you can reach, letting your right hand rest above the ankle of your left leg. Repeat the movement to the right—do it sixteen times. Or twelve, at first, perhaps. There's a lift to this exercise we have never encountered in ordinary setting-up routines. We wager you won't want to stop at twelve, after one week's practice.

The lift is the secret of the success of ballet training, says Patricia.

Kick to Music

Kicking puts strength to do things into your legs. But don't try it without holding onto something. Even ballerinas, in practice, hold on rather than risk the sometimes serious results of a misstep or a too violent motion. Put your right hand on a footboard or table, which is about the height of your hips, swing your left leg forward from the trunk as high as it will go without bending your knee, coming down to the floor lightly. Try swinging the leg backward, which is harder. Do each kind of kick eight times, then turn around and hang on with your left hand, kick with your right leg. Finally, do the forward and backward kicks all in one motion, describing an arc that just sweeps the floor. Um—feel it? Well, try to imagine the extra thrill of doing it in time to music.

Women, like horses, are as young as their legs, and legs can never be any younger than their knees. So a knee exercise is essential to limber the joints, which makes balancing of the body as automatic as breathing.

"I call this the Charlie Chaplin," said la Bowman, gaily. "It's always a surprise to the beginner when a ballet dancer stands in traditional position, with her heels together and her toes out to the sides. You can't do it without pulling in your stomach and lifting your chest. See?"

She stood with her heels together and her toes out, the line of her back like a bow, almost imperceptibly bent. Then, rising on her toes, with her heels balancing against each other, she did the familiar knee-bending exercise, except that she turned her knees out to their respective sides.

One word of caution, when you come to the knee routine: don't overdo it. Too much ballet exercise is as bad as too little. The reason Patricia Bowman has such beautiful legs, unmarred by bunchy muscles once considered the badge of a dancer, is that she limits the amount of each exercise she does.

The old stunt of balancing a book on your head, rolling over and over on the floor with your arms stretched high, running on the balls of your feet in a circle, even walking fast instead of sauntering, also help you to carry your new hat as if it were a crown.

"When you run or walk fast, your body falls into the correct posture," Patsy remarked. "You can't cover ground quickly if you slump or your head hangs forward. Automatically you lift your chest, raise your head, pull in your stomach, rise to your toes. That makes all the difference in the world."

It makes the difference between sluggishness and pep, physical well-being and lackadaisical inertia. Instead of being downcast, you are on your toes—like Patsy—twenty-four hours a day, every day, every year.

"Having a wonderful time," the ballerina grinned.

YOU JUST TRY TO LEAVE!
THEY WON'T LET BETTY LEAVE A PARTY THESE DAYS, SHE'S SO FULL OF THE "THREE V'S"
WHAT DO THEY MEAN BY THE THREE V'S, BETTY?
OH! THEY KID ME ABOUT MY VIM, VIGOR AND VITALITY.
MY FATHER'S A DOCTOR, AND HE SAYS IT'S BECAUSE I GET MY VITAMINS. FOR ONE THING, I EAT A DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED PEP FOR BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING. ITS EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT VITAMINS
LATER
AND, BETTY, IF YOU'LL MARRY ME I'LL PROMISE TO LOVE, HONOR AND EAT KELLOGG'S PEP FOR BREAKFAST EVERY DAY

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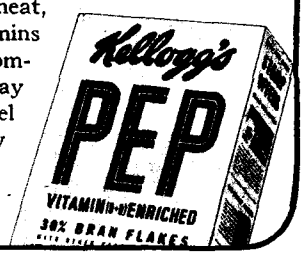

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Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Judith Clayton's father dies, he leaves a will that provides that his estate is to be handled by Jonas Morgan, his brother-in-law, who will pass it over to Mr. Clayton's only child, Judith, when she is twenty-one—*but only if she is married.*

Morgan, as Judith presently discovers, is a crook. She marries—simply to gain possession of her fortune. Neither she nor her "husband"—Alan Hughes—sacrifices any freedom.

After a time Alan leaves Judith and takes a small flat. A friend, Gene Lyons, gives him a job as manager of an escort service.

While leaving a night club with Gene Lyons, Alan is attacked by an enemy, Joe Carter. Gene tries to protect Alan, but Carter knocks him down. Alan then strikes Carter on the head with a cane. Carter falls to the pavement, unconscious.

Alan and Gene rush the man to a doctor. The doctor pronounces Carter dead! Deeply shocked, Alan prepares to phone the police. But Gene stops him.

For years, Gene and Alan have been gadding about with a fascinating girl: Angel Fremont.

Shortly after Alan's encounter with Joe Carter, Angel is murdered—shot to death in her flat. And Judith is blackmailed by a cab driver who knows of Alan's trouble. Alan goes to Gene's apartment. He is accompanied by Judith, who parks her car and waits for him.

Gene is in. With him is *Joe Carter!* Now, at last, Alan realizes that the two men have duped him. *But why?* He does not know the answer—yet. . . . An hour or so later (after being kidnaped by Gene and Carter) he is in an old house far out in the country. His captors are with him. Judith has followed them. Gene goes out, brings her in. "Well," he exclaims, "here we are. Just one big happy family!"

around, and it looks as though I've been wrong from the beginning. Even to dragging you in."

Judith said, "Snap out of it, Alan. After all, I didn't have to come here, you know. We might say—" she smiled, "that I kidnaped myself. So I haven't been very bright either, have I?"

"You've been splendid, Judith. And now, here you are."

"In very interesting company. It's an evening I won't forget."

"Nor neither you won't remember it very long," snapped Joe Carter. He turned angrily toward Gene. "What's eatin' on you, anyway: lettin' these two la-dee-dahs sit around crackin' wise? Where's it getting us?"

"Plenty of places, Joe. Nice places, too." Gene dropped his mask of geniality. He said flatly, "Now I'm going to ask you two a few questions. Try and see how many smart answers you can figure."

Judith's eyes met Alan's briefly, and both smiled messages of courage.

"First of all," said Gene, "what do you think you're in for?"

Alan asked, "How many guesses do I get?"

"One. And you're right the first time. You're on the way out, Mr. Hughes."

"And I?" inquired Judith.

"Maybe. In fact, most likely. But while you two have been putting on a show, I've been thinking."

"So have I," said Alan cheerfully. "I hope you've had better luck than I had."

"I've been doing all right." Gene spoke carefully. "At first I was thinking that the dame was gumming the works. Now I've changed my mind. You know why?"

"He's still playing guessing games," said Alan.

"Uh-huh. But you're doing the guessing, not me."

Judith said, "I believe I know what Gene is figuring. He's wondering how to put us out of the way and still make a little cash profit for himself. Right, Gene?"

There was admiration in Gene's eyes. "Sorry you're straight, Mrs. Hughes. I could use a brain like yours."

"Thanks, Gene. I'll think it over."

IX

JUDITH had had plenty of time to adjust herself on the drive out from New York. True, she wasn't prepared for this, but she had more than suspected that something quite unusual was in the wind. She had schooled herself to be calm, to conceal whatever she might feel, and so now she sought refuge behind a bulwark of lightness.

She asked, "What's it all about, Gene?"

Lyons smiled approvingly. "I'll hand it to you, Mrs. Hughes. You've got guts."

"What a compliment to pay a lady."

"Well, it says what I mean, anyway." He turned his eyes on Alan. "You're the fair-haired boy . . . suppose you explain things."

"Glad to." Alan fell in with the pleasant social atmosphere of the occasion. He said, "First of all, Judith—permit me to introduce this handsome stranger. He's Joe Carter."

"Carter!" Judith leaned forward tensely. "You mean—?"

"You don't know half of what I really *do* mean. You see, Mr. Carter was supposed to be dead. I thought I had killed him."

Judith nodded. "Yes—I know, but—"

"You knew?"

Gene's placid voice intruded, "Yes, Alan—I gave her the whole story. I figured she had a right to know."

Judith was trying to think clearly, but without any notable success. She said, "It's rather difficult to understand—"

Alan broke in: "Naturally it is. You see, Judith, the whole thing was simply a delightful little conspiracy between our very good friend, Gene, and this swarthy Hercules."

Joe broke in angrily, "What's he mean, callin' me names?"

"Compliments, Joe. I say the sweetest things."

"Now, listen, punk . . ."

"No, you listen, Brother Carter, and don't talk out of turn or teacher might spank."

"CAN yuh beat it?" inquired Carter. "I think the guy is nuts."

"Same to you, and many of 'em." Alan made an effort to smile. "For a long time I've been worried because I thought I'd killed this gentleman. Now I'm worried because I didn't."

"You got damn' good cause to worry."

"Shut up, Joe," commanded Lyons.

Alan continued, in the quietly conversational tone that he felt was doing much to steady Judith's nerves—and his own: "Mr. Carter is very much alive—and kicking, as you may have observed. I believe he and Gene were planning what is called a shakedown, though I don't know just how they proposed to go about it."

"I do," said Judith. "This gentleman here"—designating Chuck Watson—"this gentleman called on me yesterday and asked for fifty thousand dollars. I called Gene for advice, and he was terribly indignant. Wanted to break Mr.—Mr. . . ." she turned brightly to Chuck: "What *is* your name, by the way?"

"Comic, ain't you?"

"Oh, very."

"His name is Chuck," said Alan. "Mrs. Hughes, permit me to present Mr. Watson."

"How do you do, Mr. Watson?"

"Nerts!" exploded Chuck.

"Anyway, Alan—I fell for it. And I begged Gene not to do anything drastic. I insisted that money payments were the simplest way out. And I was so pleased with Gene's loyalty. He was very touching, really."

"Did you give him any money?"

"No. It all happened too quickly. . . . Mr. Watson's informal call, Gene's visit and indignation . . . and now, this. But it *was* a lovely scheme. The most skeptical person couldn't possibly have suspected a tie-up between these two charming reprobates."

GENE LYONS said, "You two are putting on a good act. Keep going."

"It seems," continued Alan, "that Gene got mad and overplayed his hand." His face grew serious. He said, "I don't suppose it will surprise you, Judith—to learn that he murdered Angel."

Her face was white. She said, quietly, "I had begun to gather that. But why?"

"Because I had confided in Angel. Obviously—knowing Gene intimately—she suspected what was up. She might even have known that Joe Carter was not dead. Anyway, she made an appointment with Gene at her apartment. I feel rotten about it, because I think Angel was fond of me—"

"You think!" snorted Gene. "As though you didn't know she was."

"However, that may be," continued Alan gently, "she probably made the mistake of trying to protect me . . . and in doing so, made it clear that she knew too much—and wasn't going to keep quiet about it. I may be wrong, of course, but that seems to be the only way it can add up. Somehow, I feel sorrier about Angel than . . . Oh! what's the use of talking? It's a rotten mess all

"Ready?" Alan asked. "Yes, dear," Judith said. It happened swiftly with such speed that it was surprising even to Judith, who was prepared

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"Being able to think that clear—I suppose you've also doped out that we're not playing."

"You've read my mind again."

"If you hadn't stepped into the picture, we'd have rubbed Alan out, smooth and easy, just like that."

"I'm sure he appreciates your interest." Suddenly she dropped her light manner and leaned forward tensely. Her voice was sharp, her words close-clipped. "How would this interest you, Gene: a nice, big sum of money plus our promise to keep our mouths shut?"

Gene shook his head. "Sorry. When a guy's in as deep as I am, he can't take chances."

"You're thinkin' straight, Chief," applauded Carter. "You got a murder rap hangin' over you."

Gene Lyons was smiling again. "It's all beginning to figure out nicely. The cops haven't the faintest idea who killed Angel. They start to check up on all her friends. They discover that only two really rated: myself—and Alan. They decide to chat with us, and what do they find: there I am, torn with grief, and willing to give them all the information they want. But when they go to pick up Alan—he's disappeared. So what? The boy friend who was chiseling in. A quarrel with Angel—and he knocks her off. Then he gets scared and takes it on the lam. They'll chase him for years before they ever suspect that he isn't alive. Works out nicely, doesn't it?"

Alan could see by Judith's eyes that she thought it worked out entirely too nicely, with which conclusion he was in unhappy agreement. He was struggling to keep his own mind clear: to utilize to best advantage every moment of grace.

He was no longer afraid for himself, but for Judith. She had stepped into this voluntarily, and his mind flashed back to Gene's casual and positive statement in the car on the way out from Manhattan. Odd that he had never suspected that Judith might care for him. He tried not to think of the might-have-beens. It was too grimly essential to think of things as they were.

Gene was saying, pleasantly enough, "One thing you've done, Mrs. Hughes: You've added a few hours to Alan's life. Maybe more."

Alan waited. He heard Judith suggest that Gene explain.

"We can always use a little money, Mrs. Hughes. Especially now."

"Then you'll accept—"

"I'm playing this my own way, and I'll decide later what I'll do. But for a few hours, anyway, Alan is of more use to us alive than dead."

"In what way?" asked Alan.

"Hostage."

"That's a lovely, expensive word," commented Judith, "but it doesn't convey much information."

"TRY this, then. You've got a nice, big bank balance. In addition to that I have a hunch that you have a raft of negotiable, unregistered bonds in your strong box. Right?"

"Suppose you are?"

"Sure, we'll suppose it. Because tomorrow morning I'll find out for sure. And in this way. You and I, Mrs. Hughes, will drive into New York together. And we'll go to your bank . . . just two old pals. You'll draw out as much cash as the tariff will stand without arousing suspicion, and then you'll go into your box. We'll wrap up all—every one—of your nice bonds, and bring them with us."

"You're nuts, Chief." Joe Carter was speaking. "You're stickin' your neck out. The minute this dame gets inside the bank with you, she lets out a squawk, and before you know it, you're in the clink."

"Logical, Joe—but not true. You see, that's where our finely furbished friend comes in."

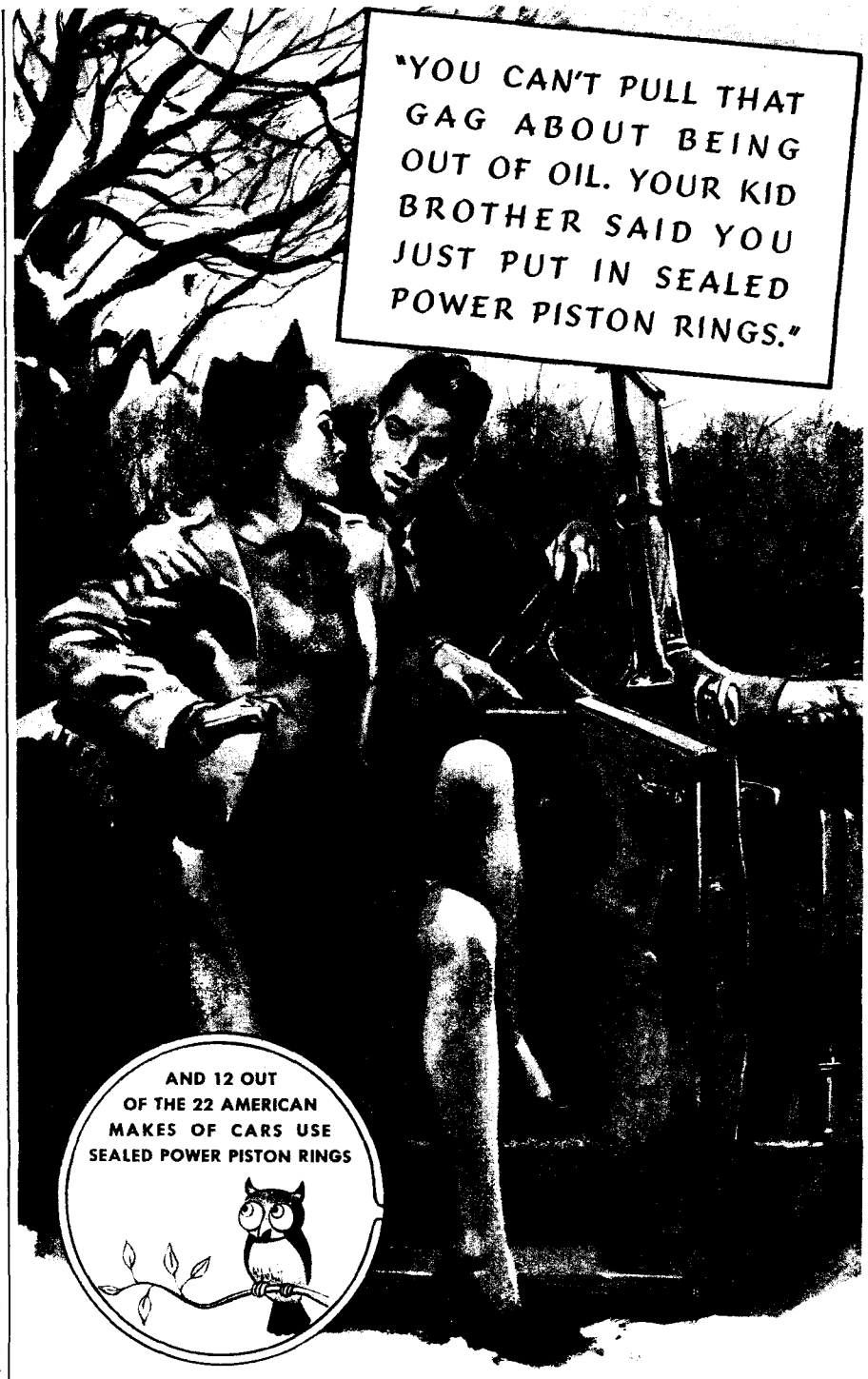
"I don't get it."

"You wouldn't. Without a diagram. So here goes: Chuck drives back into town tonight. He returns here at nine tomorrow morning in a regular car, not a taxi. Mrs. Hughes and I start for town, and Chuck follows at a nice respectable distance. He watches everything that happens on the trip, especially inside the bank. If Mrs. Hughes is so indiscreet as to start something, Chuck simply beats it, telephones you and immediately thereafter our young friend, Alan . . . *pfffft!* Get it?"

"Yeah. . . . Sounds good. But look: S'posin' you make it okay. You come back here with the stuff. Them bonds will be hot—"

"Your brain has died, Joe—completely. The bonds won't be hot, because the only person who could report their theft would be Mrs. Hughes. And she won't. If necessary, we keep things as they are for an indefinite time, continuing to use Alan as a hostage . . . and letting Mrs. Hughes herself convert the

(Continued on page 40)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Now she was abreast of him. A sob rose in her throat but she choked it back and she tore her gaze away from Colvin

The Bride Looked Sad

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER [illegible]

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

HER eyes were bright and her dress was white and they were handing her a bouquet of lilies. Within an hour she would be married. They had had a wonderful year, she and Colvin McClain. They had had a gay, mad, delirious year. It was funny, too. When she had met Colvin, she had almost persuaded herself that she was in love with Sherman Sutherland. Sutherland was wealthy. He was eminently respectable. Her parents were heartily in favor of her marrying him. Her parents lived by the stock market and it hadn't been good. She had been raised as a wealthy girl, had been the prettiest debutante of her year, and then the financial heavens crashed and she had had to retrench.

She hadn't liked that much, but it really hadn't bothered her. Doris Hawks was beautiful; she had a golden blond loveliness that looked best against an ermine background, against a backdrop of Paris gowns. She was, without conceit, quite conscious of her beauty, of her desirability. But, she realized, the upkeep on the background for beauty such as hers was high.

Sherman Sutherland would willingly provide that background. He was twenty years older than she was and his hair was thin and, although he exercised religiously, he was, she had to admit, paunchy. In his heavy way he was kind to her and he told her of the places he would take her, of the estate she could have and of the town car and the yacht.

For twenty years her parents, fond, indulgent, had provided that background. They loved her; she loved them. Nothing had been too good for her. She had never given, had always received. Now they were virtually impoverished—her mother tired, having only the memory and the remnants of a great beauty left. Her father had aged during the past year, yet he was only fifty. She wanted to help them; she wanted to bring back the laughter to her mother's eyes, the brisk, confident look to her father's face.

Sherman, immensely wealthy, was also immensely kind. "If only I had the right to help your father," he had said once. "He won't let me do anything for him now. He is too proud to accept anything from an outsider. Yet he is a fine banker—it was no fault of his that he lost everything. Circumstances, not his judgment, beat him. I would be glad to put him in charge of an investment company. He would come back if given the chance."

She had considered it all carefully, and then she had made her choice. She would marry Sherman, and thus for the first time in her young life do something for the parents she loved.

Then, without warning, Colvin McClain had come into her life. One moment she was not conscious of him, the next he was standing before her, gravely smiling, darkly handsome; and he was saying, "We haven't met. We should, you know."

Something caught in her throat. She could only gasp, "Why?"

He laughed. "It was in the stars, my dear. You see, I write songs and all my life I have been looking for the answer to my songs. You are the answer. Now I know to whom it is I have been singing."

"You are a fool," she had laughed.

"But only fools have sense enough to have fun," he had said gravely.

She thought of that first meeting as she walked to the car that was to take her to the church. Colvin would be there. The thought quickened her pulse and the hands that held the bouquet trembled a little. She shook her head a bit impatiently. She tried to banish the thought that Colvin was as inconstant as the path of a firefly; that his love for her was perhaps no more enduring than the fame of one of his songs. She tried to forget too the fine honesty and the tenderness of Sherman Sutherland and she tried to forget the sincere affection she felt for him. She wanted only to remember the laughing eyes of Colvin and his gaiety and his smile.

HER father sat in the car beside her, smiling, saying useless things, nervously fingering the carnation in his buttonhole. Doris didn't hear him. She was thinking of the past year, the past month, and yesterday, when she had seen Colvin last. He had insisted upon going out and celebrating.

"Tomorrow we start a new life," he had laughed. "Let us drown our old one in wine."

He had looked at her then and caught his breath and had thrown his arms around her and had whispered, "You will always be as lovely as you are now. I'll never forget the way you look tonight." Then he had kissed her and run his long fingers through her hair and finally she had said, breathlessly, "I must go, darling."

"I will see you tomorrow, my dear," he had said, kissing her finger tips.

The car drew up in front of the church. Her father stepped out and whispered, "Don't be nervous."

She lifted her head proudly. She wouldn't be nervous. She walked up the steps leading to the church and the sun filtered through the red-and-white stripes of the canopy and spectators gaped and whispered, "The most beautiful bride I have ever seen." Then she heard the first strains of the wedding march.

"Don't let that music get you," Colvin had once said to her. "It was written by a funny little man with a big head named Wagner and he's been dead over fifty years. Nothing that a funny little man with a big head could write should make you nervous, baby. Of course if it were one of my little numbers . . ."

Lovely in her golden whiteness, she walked down the aisle, her hand resting lightly on her father's arm. A rather vague feeling of wonder took hold of her. Once she had thought that she could learn to love Sherman Sutherland. Now she knew. She knew that she had loved only the background that he could provide for her beauty, the security that he could give her parents. But no, she could never, never in a thousand years love Sherman Sutherland. She had given her heart to Colvin and a heart is something that may be loaned often but given only once.

Then she saw him. He looked handsome standing there in his cutaway and his gray tie. She almost laughed aloud when she remembered Colvin had said that he would have to rent a cutaway; he didn't own one. He stood straight, grave, and their eyes met and their eyes smiled. The steady tempo of the music paced her steps, but Colvin's look quickened her heart. He would never be true to her, but she would always love him. Never more than at this moment. Now she was abreast of him. A sob rose in her throat but she choked it back and she tore her gaze away from Colvin and for just a moment, just for a fleeting moment, the bride looked sad.

But then she smiled again and walked steadily forward, the music pacing her steps. She walked steadily forward until she reached the end of the aisle, and Sherman Sutherland was standing there, looking a little anxious, but when he saw her smile, he smiled too, and he grasped her arm and he whispered, "Darling, you look so happy. I'll try to keep you always as happy as you look today."

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WINK AN EYE

. . AND YOU'VE GONE 40 FEET

IF A FRONT TIRE AND TUBE BLEW OUT AT 60!

YOU'D BE *SAFER* WITH HUDSON'S EXCLUSIVE AUTO-POISE CONTROL

WHY? Because this revolutionary mechanical invention automatically helps to keep wheels on their course—on rough roads, in heavy side winds, *even when a tire blows.* The operation of AUTO-POISE CONTROL does not require special tires, tubes or extra equipment of any kind. It is a built-in feature—STANDARD AT NO EXTRA COST on all 1939 Hudson passenger cars; *no other car has anything like it.*

IF HYDRAULIC BRAKES SHOULD FAIL!

YOU'D BE *SAFER* WITH HUDSON'S EXCLUSIVE DOUBLE-SAFE BRAKES

WHY? Because, even if hydraulics should suddenly fail through accident or service neglect, the driver of a Hudson *just pushes farther on the same foot pedal* and STOPS. WHY? Thanks to Hudson's *exclusive* DOUBLE-SAFE BRAKES—*two* braking systems (finest Bendix Hydraulics *and* a separate reserve mechanical system) working automatically from the *same* foot pedal. Only Hudson has them.

Announcement to Used Car Buyers

Double-Safe Brakes are standard at no extra cost—and *Auto-Poise Control* is available at small cost—on all 1936, 1937 and 1938 cars built by Hudson!

No time to reach for a hand brake if hydraulics fail! No chance to think if a tire blows!

In modern highway travel, you cover 40 feet or more while you wink an eye.

No time to reach for the emergency lever if hydraulic brakes should fail! No room to maneuver if a tire blow-out should send your car twisting out of control!

Can *any* car be called really safe if it fails to guard you to the fullest possible extent against these deadliest of driving risks? Hudson now gives you *extra* protection *you don't have, and can't get, in any other make of car.*

Owners of 1939 Hudsons are already hailing Auto-Poise Control as one of the greatest of modern safety inventions. And many letters in our files tell of serious accidents prevented by Hudson's Double-Safe Brakes.

No other car has anything like either of these features. They are standard at no extra cost on all 1939 Hudsons.

See and drive the safest car in the world today! With the widest, safest windshield vision. With the new Dash-Locking Safety Hood that can't blow up if it's left unlatched—locked from a lever *inside* the car; battery and engine parts safe from theft.

See Hudson's beautiful new Salon Interiors. Try the new Handy Shift at the wheel. Enjoy the smooth power that has made Hudson the world's champion in performance.

For safety's sake—for satisfaction and economy—investigate! Drive a 1939 Hudson today.

HUDSON

HUDSON 112 • HUDSON SIX • HUDSON COUNTRY CLUB SIX AND EIGHT

Hudson's Weather-Master Fresh Air and Heat Control available in all models.

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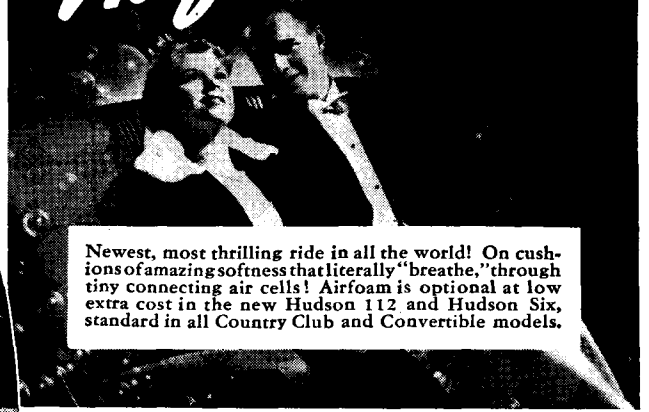
Airfoam Ride



Newest, most thrilling ride in all the world! On cushions of amazing softness that literally "breathe," through tiny connecting air cells! Airfoam is optional at low extra cost in the new Hudson 112 and Hudson Six, standard in all Country Club and Convertible models.

NOW! A DE LUXE HUDSON 112 PRICED DOWN WITH DE LUXE MODELS OF THE "OTHER THREE"

$745 and up for 86 H. P. Hudson 112 De Luxe; $823 and up for Hudson Six—96 H. P., 118-in. W. B.; $919 and up for Country Club models—101 and 122 H. P., 122 and 129-in. W. B.

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ACTS FAST

To Relieve Painful Discomfort of Colds

This Simple Way Eases Discomfort and Sore Throat Accompanying Colds with Amazing Speed

1. Take 2 Bayer Tablets—drink a glass of water. Repeat treatment in 2 hours.
2. If throat is sore from cold, crush 3 Bayer Tablets in 1/3 glass of water . . . gargle.
3. If temperature does not go down; if discomfort is not quickly eased — call doctor.

Just Be Sure You Use Genuine BAYER Aspirin Do It The Moment You Feel A Cold Coming On

THOUSANDS WILL tell you the simple way pictured above brings amazingly fast relief from the painful discomfort and sore throat accompanying colds.

Try it. Then — because any cold can lead to serious consequences — see your doctor. In all probability he will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts so fast to relieve the painful discomforts of a cold. And to reduce fever.

This simple treatment, backed by scientific authority, has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in easing cold symptoms. Perhaps the easiest, most effective way yet discovered . . . When you buy, ask for "BAYER ASPIRIN" — not just for "aspirin" alone. This way you know you get *genuine* Bayer.

PAINS—Fast-acting Bayer Tablets are used by millions on doctors' advice for prompt relief of Headache — also for pain from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia.

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS • 2 FULL DOZEN 25¢

The Resounding Skies

Continued from page 16

function of the U. S. vice-consul at Puerto Musa was to sign clearance papers for banana steamers three times a week, a work that could very easily have been performed by a small and not-too-complicated machine. For trade statistics, he had only to send north the quarterly report of the fruit company. He had never even asked to get an American citizen out of jail. All Americans in Puerto Musa were banana men with the exception of the vice-consul, and the fruit company looked after its own. If one of the boys got into a scrape, the company would form a flying wedge and the wayward son would suddenly be somewhere else.

However, Bill Roland went home to examine his departmental correspondence, which he proceeded to do, after he had performed his nightly ritual of washing with carbolized soap, gargling with strong antiseptic, looking under his mosquito bar for a stray Stegomyia calopus that might have got through the screen door, donning silk pajamas, and pouring himself a nightcap.

He had just started to read when he heard a clatter in the consular kitchen—as though a few pots and pans had been knocked off the wall. Snatching a revolver from the drawer of his desk, Roland advanced cautiously toward the kitchen, paused, listening. When he heard no further sound, he kicked open the door, retreated a few steps and peered into the darkness.

"Put up your hands!" he ordered.

"Put up your gun!" came the reply in a confident voice. "Anybody with you, Roland?"

"Yes, of course. There are three men in the outer office, and they're all armed, so you needn't try to—"

A LAUGH from the darkness stopped Roland. "This is Lane," said the voice. "Is your front door locked?"

"Definitely. But what—"

"That's all I wanted to know." Lane came in from the kitchen. "I'm afraid I ruined the screen on your window."

"You're the man Perry's been worried about," said the vice-consul. "What's the idea of sneaking in the back way like this?"

"Has the department sent you any word about me?" Lane asked.

"The department never sends me word about anything," said Roland plaintively. "I suppose they've sent you in place of Bossert?"

"Then you knew about Bossert?"

"Only when Perry brought me his extra passports. I had to query Washington, naturally, and I was informed to say they were forgeries. They weren't, of course, but—"

"You know what Bossert was doing down here?"

"Something to do with counter-propaganda, wasn't it? Running down interference with American short-wave radio programs?"

"Exactly."

"Say, Lane, why does the department have to send down you fellows dressed up like banana herders to snoop around? Why don't they ask me to do this job? Lord knows I have nothing else to do. There's golf, but I can beat all the fruit-company men with a soup ladle for a putting iron. And I don't like to play bridge with the fruit-company wives because they give you a double raise if they hold the queen of your suit and an outside ace. There's nothing so mysterious about this radio business. I sent the whole story to Washington six months ago. It's this Graulitz and his German coffee people, that's all."

"It's Graulitz, all right," said Lane, "but that isn't all. The Germans have a portable spark set that they move around from time to time to confuse the compass bearings for anybody trying to spot them. There's one near Rio Sangre. But there's more than that. A storage-battery set might set up enough interference to blanket part of this country, but no more. And I've picked up interference waves in Costa Rica and Colombia that seem to come from this direction. Somebody has access to a powerful source of current in this vicinity, and, since you can't build a big generator in the jungle without somebody knowing it, Bossert and I decided that someone inside the fruit company is piping electricity to the Germans. That explains the undercover business, Roland."

"Thanks for taking me into your confidence," said the vice-consul.

"I'M DOING it on my own initiative and only because I have to," Lane said, speaking rapidly. "My orders were to keep away from you completely. But something serious has come up. Listen hard now, Roland, because I'm going to talk fast. I want to finish before they come for you. I don't want to be found here."

"Nobody's going to come for me," said Roland with a sigh. "Nobody ever comes for me—except to make a fourth at contract, and it's too late for that tonight. Nobody ever needs—"

"The vice-consul still certifies to the death of an American citizen, and takes charge of the deceased's possessions, doesn't he?"

"Yes, but—good Lord, who's dead?" asked the vice-consul.

"Stilton."

Bill Roland jumped up, startled, then sat down again, smiling faintly. "You're joking," he said. "I dined with Stilton tonight."

"Stilton's dead, or I don't know a dead man when I see one. He was stabbed with what looks like a screw driver, over in Perry's office, sometime within the last hour."

"Ghastly! Who—?"

"You listen, Roland. I'll talk. This is pretty tough on Stilton, but it looks like a break for me. I'm not a homicide dick, exactly, but I'm no dumber than most of the big clue-chasers I know. And I think if I can put my hands on the man who killed Stilton, I'll have my real job pretty well licked. It'll give me a handle on the case that I can turn over to the local authorities. We can't force the comandante to chase around the jungle looking for high-frequency transmitters, but he can't very well ignore a case of cold-blooded murder. The only trouble is, Roland, I may be in jail before I get my teeth into this thing. There's circumstantial evidence against me—whether framed or by accident, I don't know yet. If they do jug me tonight, I don't want you to do anything about it—officially, I mean. I want to keep my incognito as long as I can. But I do want you to keep in touch with me, just as a consular gesture toward an unfortunate American."

"I'll bring you cigarettes in jail," Roland said. "And insecticide."

"And information," Lane amended. "I want you to dig up for me, as significant background, the facts surrounding Bill Bossert's poisoning."

"Poisoning? I thought it was fever. Good Lord, the department never tells me anything."

"I want you to get me the names of everybody Bossert ate or drank with

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after he left Pinky Hind's farmhouse on the day he got sick. I want the names of the attending doctor, and the nurses who fed him and gave him his quinine. If necessary, you might send Washington a radiogram in code, and find out what they know."

"I won't have to. I'll get it all right here."

"Unobtrusively, of course."

"Of course. By the way, what's all this about you and Bossert being tattooed with swastikas? Is that part of your disguise, or is it some new department regulation I don't know about?"

Lane laughed. "That's simple," he said. "And rather funny. I'll tell you about it."

"Please do."

"Well, Bill Bossert and I used to go to school together up in Connecticut. We belonged to one of these kid fraternities—very mysterious and secretive, and full of Far Eastern symbolism, including the Tibetan. The Tibetans use the swastika, only they call it *tung-you,* so we used the swastika too. One week end Bill Bossert and I were in New York, being very smart and manly and crashing speakeasies. When we got tight, we also got sentimental, and decided to hunt up some tattooing joint and have *tung-yous* tattooed on our chests, together with our class—'28. Of course in those days the swastika hadn't been publicized by Herr Hitler, and—"

He stopped. At that instant there was a loud, determined knocking at the front door of the vice-consulate.

Lane was on his feet at once. "See you in jail," he murmured.

He made his way to the rear of the house, stood in the darkness listening to the vice-consul walk to the door. He did not recognize the voice of the man who had knocked, but he heard Roland say, "Why, certainly, Coronel Blanco. Just as soon as I can get some clothes on. . . ."

Lane groped his way through the kitchen, feeling carefully along the wall until he came to the back door. He opened it softly, went out.

He had taken only half a dozen paces when a man stepped out of the shadows and jammed a revolver into his ribs.

IT WAS raining again, roaring down on the tin roof of the Cantina de Mit Sueno, running off in a great sheet over the open front of the saloon. Muriel ducked through the deluge, shouldered her way through the knot of soldiers and peons who stood under the streaming eaves. A gust of mist blew into the cantina through the open front, swaying the colored paper festoons against the ceiling. The downpour was making such a din that she could scarcely hear the music of the marimba in the back room. The music stopped suddenly when Cecil Holliday saw her.

Holliday was standing with the three Indian musicians inside the semicircle of the marimba. The two padded hammers were poised motionless above the instrument as he stared at Muriel. He was very pale and dignified; he was always pale and dignified when he was drunk; and he was erudite and loquacious and delightfully polite. Muriel hurried toward him, oblivious of the stares of the brown dancing girls and their tipsy partners as she crossed the room.

"My dear, what on earth are you doing in this ungilded den of iniquity, this sink of depravity, this—"

"I had to see you, Cecil. I had to talk to you." Muriel was standing on the other side of the marimba from Holliday. He was swaying slightly, almost imperceptibly. "Have you been here long, Cecil?"

"Ages," said Holliday. "Eons. Ten thousand years at the very least. And it seems like yesterday."

"You did come here right from the Hen House, didn't you, Cecil?"

"No," said Holliday. "I didn't."

"Where did you go?"

"I wandered. Mentally and physically. I strolled hither and yon. Listen, my dear . . ." He played a few notes on the marimba.

The next words stuck in Muriel's throat. She was afraid that Holliday might have been the man Lane had seen climbing through the hedge outside the company offices. She was afraid to ask. And yet that was what she had come for.

"Cecil, you weren't near the office building . . . ?"

"Wasn't I? Possibly I was. I was in so many places. I visited the lost generation. I strolled through prewar England, when the world was young and full of music. . . ."

THE girl appealed to the Indian musician who stood next to Holliday and was listening with bewildered amusement. "He has been here for an hour, hasn't he?" she asked.

"No, Señorita. He came only ten minutes ago."

"Cecil, try to understand me. You must remember where you've been for the past hour. You've been standing at the bar drinking, haven't you?"

"Have I?"

"Someone must have seen you. Someone will swear that you've been here. Or—you didn't do it, did you, Cecil?"

Holliday looked at the girl with a strange, faraway look in his gray eyes. He shrugged.

"Muriel, my dear," he said. "I'm forgetting myself. I've let you stay here in this disreputable place without making the slightest effort to make it respectable. Perhaps old Bach could help me make it respectable. Good old Bach. Listen, my dear."

"Cecil—"

"Listen." Holliday was moving the mallets over the marimba, scarcely touching the graduated wooden bars. The deep-toned gourds hanging beneath the chassis gave off a sweet, flowing, strangely resonant melody. Holliday seemed to be smiling absently to himself. He said: "It's not quite The Well-Tempered Clavier but it's rather nice. Perhaps Bach would want me to retitle it. We might call it 'The Well-Tempered Marimba.' . . ."

He continued to play as he spoke. The effect was lulling, fascinating—until Muriel saw the effort Holliday had to make to clutch the hammer in his maimed right hand. Quickly she came around to the back of the marimba, put her hand on his shoulder.

"Stilton's dead," she said.

His expression did not change. He went on playing. "Yes, of course," he said.

"Cecil, you're drunk! Are you so drunk that you can't—?"

"I'm sorry, Muriel dear. I apologize for being a little bit bottled and more than a little bit maudlin. But it's a luxury that I permit myself once a month . . . the luxury of pretending . . . of forgetting twenty years . . . the joy of creating . . . of making music instead of talking of bananas. . . ." He stopped playing, looked off into space. "Dear old England. They lost their most promising young pianist of the generation, but they're getting bananas." He laughed curtly, brutally. Then he started playing again.

"Listen, my dear. I can play Haydn, too. Pity I can't play Debussy on this. If only Debussy had written for the marimba. Or if Ravel had composed his piano concerto for the left hand alone . . . if only he'd done it ten years earlier. . . ."

"Cecil, listen. Stilton—"

"Yes, I know. Stilton's dead. You just told me."

(To be continued next week)

How a hurricane sold Mr. Stockbridge on

the *NEW way of buying insurance

Mr. Stockbridge had always bought insurance the old way. He "took out" a policy when he acquired property, or bought a car, or when some insurance man suggested an additional form of coverage.

Then the hurricane

—shingles were blown away, windows blown in, and a century-old tree crashed through Mr. Stockbridge's roof. Not one of his policies protected him against this loss.

He decided he needed windstorm protection and called in a Hartford agent. "Wait a minute," said the Hartford man. "Forget policies. Let's start with the facts about your property, your daily activities, your exposure to loss. Let's think about protecting your property and savings."

And so this Hartford man demonstrated the soundness of the NEW way to Mr. Stockbridge. Incidentally, it wasn't a Mr. Stockbridge, but was nevertheless a *real person.*

Just call Western Union

To learn more about the NEW way of buying insurance, just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name of the nearest Hartford representative. Or get in touch with your own insurance broker.

*Called the NEW way because it is new to most buyers of insurance. But as a method of fitting an insurance program to the buyer's needs, it has long been practised by agents of the Hartford.

Hartford Fire Insurance Company

—and the HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
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TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

"It's the flavour"

86 PROOF

Men who have learned to relax, who lead well-ordered lives find Teacher's *balanced* flavour deeply satisfying. Teacher's hearty ...not heavy...taste, mild smoothness never vary.

Made since 1830
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NEW YORK CITY - IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

Sock'em vs. Slick'em

Continued from page 11

retain the characteristics that were making basketball an intellectual pastime resembling animated chess.

The Wild West has routed the sissy East so completely that basketball, as it is being played now, is the nearest approach to perpetual motion in sports. It is estimated a basketball is in play thirty-eight minutes in every forty, a calculation that makes football, with fourteen minutes of actual play in every sixty, a slow-motion exercise by comparison.

When those statistics were made known last winter, Eastern coaches almost threw a conniption fit in the fear that the flower of American youth would be destroyed by the killing pace. In the thesis for his master degree, Bunn presented evidence showing a 50-second quarter mile, one fast set of tennis or a 440-yard swim took more out of an athlete than a full basketball game. Last year at New Orleans, Loyola and Centenary played a bit of a ball game for themselves. Centenary finally won, 78-72, after a five-minute extra period. The players got along famously, but two spectators fainted in the confusion.

That's the sort of thing near and dear to the heart of the West—lots of running, excitement and scoring. Eastern customers, educated to appreciate tight defenses and precise position play on the floor, always thought their section represented everything fine and beautiful in basketball until they got a load of a real race-horse team from the West two years ago in Madison Square Garden. Manhattan College defeated Utah State, 39-32, to the loud accompaniment of frantic yelps of anguish from the cognoscenti in the house, who shrieked that it was the poorest demonstration of technical basketball ever seen on this footstool. Maybe it was, but they ignored the fact that the Garden was transformed into a huge psychopathic ward with 17,000 happy inmates.

"Must" Requisites in a Player

The point of today's high scores is: More field goals mean more exertion, which, in turn, means a great emphasis on the purely physical aspects of basketball. This fundamental fact of life is the chief bone of contention between East and West and nothing proved it more conclusively than a simple question propounded to two leading authorities last winter. The identical question was asked of John Bunn, whose Stanford team won the Pacific Coast Conference title three years in a row, and C. C. N. Y.'s Nat Holman, perhaps the best player of all time and a coaching criterion for the last two decades.

The question: How do you rate, in order of importance, the five "must" requisites you look for in a player?

The answers:

Holman	*Bunn*
Ball handling	Height
Shiftiness	Drive
Endurance	Team spirit
Shot	Condition
Poise	Experience

A brief analysis of the parallel lists throws more light on the subject than any profound treatise possibly could. Holman wants qualifications that are strictly technical in derivation; endurance is the only physical element he seeks. Bunn's first four requirements are physical attributes and he lumps the technical talents stressed by Holman under the loose, vague classification of experience, the last item.

It is not difficult to understand the divergent viewpoint of each man. Bunn is representative of the new-school that came in when college basketball was just beginning to go big-time and capitalize on the feuds and fanfare of football. Experienced basketball players were scarce in most parts of the country and since everybody was starting from scratch, the coaches, in self-defense, placed a premium on height and weight.

But Size Isn't Everything

Holman, like most Eastern-trained veterans, goes back to Twenty-third Street where small men ranked with the best in the business. There was the great Barney Sedran, who never weighed more than 115 pounds and still is rated among the first five pros of all time. Holman himself was not a big man, but he and comparatively little fellows such as Benny Borgman, Rody Cooney, Lou Sugarman, Johnny Beckman and Harry Hough regularly made chumps of magnificent lumps of meat, bone and hair by outmaneuvering and outsmarting them.

Every coach in circulation cocked an attentive eye and ear to Twenty-third Street and tried to teach the game as it was played there.

The first great quintet to enrapture the clients came from the old 23d Street "Y" and those cookies were so good they licked the Knickerbocker A. C. for the A. A. U. national championship in 1897 with only four men playing against the other side's five. After the Y. M. C. A. boys became bored with mopping up the old National Professional League, another group of New Yorkers assumed their name and embarked on the first transcontinental basketball tour twenty-five years ago this winter.

The New York Nationals dropped their first game in Wilkes-Barre, then knocked over something like fifty teams in a row, startling the natives all the way from Ohio, through Old Overcoat, Idaho, to the San Francisco Fair. It should be mentioned that the Nationals went through the entire trip with only five men—Elmer Ripley, Garry Schmelke, Dick Smythe, Bill Brunner and Wally Rucket.

The most ardent missionaries for basketball, though, were the Celtics, who appeared at virtually every pin point on the map, played on the average of 130 games a year, won 120 and never lost a series.

Most college coaches patterned their teams after the professional, or Eastern, model, which was steeped in the cute-and-clever doctrine as late as 1926. Although the American Professional League had thriving outposts in Chicago, Cleveland and Fort Wayne, more than eighty per cent of the players were Easterners.

All of a sudden, about five years ago, the better minds in the near and far West had the temerity to gang up on their associates from the East when they made two enchanting discoveries: The old prestige of the East was founded on professional basketball, which had degenerated to a semipro or worse status, after the depression; the West was entitled to pipe down the East's fast sales talk because it was winning most of the ball games and the customers.

Fitful bursts of action were contrary to the Western program of giving the clients sustained excitement and the fresh-water coaches proceeded to join forces and rewrite the rules to suit themselves. There were so many people shilling for so many theories that four men were able to put through the elimination of the center jump, by all odds the most drastic change ever made in the rules. That was achieved by the four coaches in the southern division of the Pacific Coast Conference—Bunn of Stanford, Sam Barry of Southern California, Nibs Price of California and Pierce Works of U. C. L. A.

Striking the center jump out of the rulebook after a field goal or a successful foul throw was the clincher for the legislative triumph of the West. Formerly there was a definite break in the game after every score in which the players could plan the next move. Now the action is continuous; as soon as the ball whips through the basket it is immediately in play again and the athletes are running too fast and furiously to collect their wits, if any.

The East has capitulated, but it isn't convinced. The current earache concerns the merit of the one-handed heave, common in the West, as compared to the classic two-handed set shot favored by the East. And it's a little dandy, involving as it does the ultimate object of the game, which is putting the ball through the hoop. The East stanchly holds that the one-handed toss, usually pitched off the ear while the player is tearing down the court, is strictly a matter of luck and crazy as hell. The West retorts that results are the pay-off and the traditional set shot has been rendered ineffective by closely knit defenses that do not permit the shooter to come to a full stop and get sufficient arch to his toss to avoid a blocked shot.

Luisetti Proves a Point

New York, as usual, crawled out on the limb by pointing the finger of suspicion when Stanford snapped L. I. U.'s 34-game winning streak with a stunning 45-31 victory at Madison Square Garden in 1936. Hank Luisetti, the Stanford star, scored fifteen handsome points and every one of his five field goals, thrown with one hand inside the foul line, brought down the house. He tried, in fact, only one two-hander all night. In the meantime, L. I. U.'s set-shot specialists were forced to resort to long-range firing by Stanford's shifting zone defense.

Skeptical New Yorkers preferred to believe Luisetti was a kid with a freak shot who happened to have a good night. So Stanford returned to the Garden the next December and defeated Holman's C. C. N. Y. team, 45-42, then whaled L. I. U. again two nights later, 56-41. In the C. C. N. Y. brawl Luisetti caged six field goals, all with one hand, and against L. I. U. he sank three one-handers. In all, Stanford made thirty-eight field goals in the two games and twenty were successful, spectacular one-hand pitches.

The East still refused to believe what it had seen.

"I'll quit coaching if I have to teach one-handed shots to win." Holman declared. "Nobody can convince me a shot predicated on a prayer is the proper way to play the game."

Somebody had the presence of mind to ask Luisetti what he thought of the furor his style had provoked after the Stanford ace rang the bell for fifty huge points against Duquesne in Cleveland on New Year's Day, 1938.

"All I know," he replied, "is that I shoot more naturally and accurately with one hand than with two."

That would seem to be the clincher but, as Confucius remarked, the obvious is never understood.

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Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 33

bonds into cash. She may not enjoy playing that way, but she'll do it—because so long as we need her we keep the boy friend alive. And not one minute longer. See?"

Joe Carter said, "I'm for grabbin' the dough quick, an' takin' no chances on the rest. Guys is poison when they're still alive, an' I don't like this turnip, anyway."

"We'll still do it my way." Gene turned to Chuck. "Back to New York. Two or three empty trips with your flag down. Build up an alibi for me, in case I need it later. Be here at nine in the morning. If anything turns up tonight that looks out of line, phone me right away. Meanwhile, on your way out, tell Jules to close up and come inside. Tell him to see that the storm door leading from the cellar to the yard is barred tight."

Ten minutes later the gangling figure of Jules Everett slouched into the room. He described an arc with his right hand and said, "All set, Chief."

"Storm door barred, Jules?"

"Tight's a drum. Steel rod across it. Nobody couldn't break through less'n he was a coupla Samsons."

"Any other exit from that basement?"

"Just the steps leadin' up to the kitchen."

"Coal chute window?"

"Not a chance, Chief. Living skeleton couldn't crawl through there without gittin' stuck."

"Good." Gene rose and bowed. "I must invite you folks to spend the night in the cellar. We'll let you have a couple of chairs, and just so you won't get lonely, Jules will keep you company. Joe and I will stay awake, in case you try to go silly on us. And don't forget: we all have guns."

MR. JULES EVERETT lighted a stogie, tilted his chair back against the cold casing of the ancient furnace, said genially to Judith and Alan, "Make yourselves comfortable, folks," and proceeded, with unconscious irony, to hum a few bars of Home, Sweet Home. His long, lean frame stretched out amazingly, and he would have appeared to be nothing but an innocuous ruralite had it not been for the highly efficient revolver that lay on his lap.

Judith and Alan stood hand in hand, inspecting their unusual prison. Alan smiled down at her and said, "A poor thing, but our own."

It wasn't at all pleasant. In the first place, it was small, and a musty odor exuded from the cracked walls. There were cobwebs on the beamed ceiling—cobwebs and soot. There was a coalbin that contained some anthracite left over from last winter's chill. And beyond and above the bin was a tiny rectangular window through which nothing human could possibly squirm.

To the left of where Alan was standing there was a flight of six steps leading to the outdoors, but Alan had little hope there. That was the storm door that Gene Lyons had ordered bolted. Aside from a pile of old newspapers and a sack of something that Alan guessed was chicken feed, and the chairs that had been brought down for himself and Judith, there was nothing. The whole miserable interior was lighted by the single electric bulb that hung from the ceiling.

Jules drawled, "Take a look around, you-all. Y'ain't liable to find nothin'."

Alan said, "You might as well sit down, Judith." He pulled her chair into the corner, as far as possible from Mr. Everett's gray eyes. He placed his own chair alongside, and dropped into it. He took her hand and asked, "Mind?"

She smiled at him, briefly. "I rather need it, Alan."

Jules took a long puff on his stogie, and said, "Don't mind me. I'm just settin' here."

"Thanks, Jules. Mighty considerate of you."

"'Sall right. I like to see young folks enjoy themselves. So if you want to whisper, why go ahead an' whisper. 'Tain't polite—but what the hell."

"That's just it," agreed Alan. "What the hell."

Alan spoke softly to the girl at his side: "Not so good, is it, Judith?"

"Doesn't look very healthy." She hesitated, and then asked, "Will they follow through?"

"I suppose so. What else can they do?"

"They might accept my offer."

"They might."

"YOU'RE just saying that to give me some hope, aren't you? You don't really think so."

"You can take it, can't you, Judith?"

"I'm getting pretty good practice."

"Well . . . I don't believe there's an awful lot of hope. All I believe is that we're safe until tomorrow." Alan was gazing down at the hand he held. He looked up suddenly into her eyes. "Funny, isn't it?"

"What?"

"I was looking at your wedding ring."

She flushed. "So was I. I often do."

"I'm a colossal idiot."

"You're entitled to your own opinion, Alan."

His grasp on her hand tightened, and his voice was not quite steady. He said, "This isn't the time or place to leave things unsaid, Judith. Nor to be less than honest." He laughed awkwardly—"It isn't like I thought it might be . . . and I feel absurdly embarrassed . . . but maybe it would interest you to know that I love you."

"Thanks. . . ."

"Why do you say it that way?"

"Because I know you're being gallant." He saw that her eyes were moist. "Some way, somehow, you've discovered that I love you . . . and you're making a generous gesture. I appreciate it—truly I do."

He put his hands on her shoulders and pulled her around so that she faced him squarely. His voice was harsh, but with a harshness that merely demanded that she believe.

"I've never been a liar, Judith. I love you."

She was trembling. "I—I'm trying hard to believe you, Alan. Would you mind saying it again?"

"I love you. It's true I didn't know it until tonight; it's true I might not have realized it for a long time if something like this hadn't happened. And don't ask me how I found out. Maybe because of a chance remark Gene dropped. Maybe because I suddenly found myself terrified for you. Maybe because with all these things happening, I took stock of myself and my feelings. No—don't interrupt. I don't make love very glibly. . . . I want to get it all off my chest."

He drew a deep breath, and went on: "I don't know when I fell in love with you. Perhaps it was the night we were married. Perhaps tonight. I only know how I feel. I know where I am, but not how I got here. I know that our safety would mean only one thing now . . . and that would be to make up for what hasn't been—"

"And could have been," she said.

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"You do care—really?"

She said, impulsively, "I wish you could know how much. And if that is shameless—I'm glad."

He was silent for a moment, and then: "I have an irresistible desire to kiss you."

"And I have the same sort of desire to be kissed."

He said, unhappily: "I can't. Our elongated guardian yonder . . . and a first kiss that means so much . . ."

"Yet, if we wait . . ."

Her words snapped them back to the grisly reality of the situation. They had risen and were facing each other, and in that blinding moment Jules was forgotten. They didn't see his interested stare, nor the slow blinking of his gray eyes, nor the contemplative manner in which he blew a smoke ring. All that they did know was that something was happening that had never happened before, something that blanked out stark reality and all material things, something that left them alone in the world for a few ecstatic moments. His arms were strong about her, her body molded into his and her arms and lips clung.

Then the voice of their jailer drawled across the cellar: "Y'all folks go right ahead. I ain't payin' a mite of attention."

"Thanks, Jules."

"Y'know . . . " Jules was helping restore them to normalcy. "Kind of watchin' y'all just now out of the corner of my eyes, I says to myself, 'Nobody would ever guess them two was married.' "

"You're a keen observer, Jules."

THEY had seated themselves again and were once more holding hands. Alan whispered, "Keep it up. Maybe Jules will help us to think straight again." Then, even more softly: "Do you still think I'm being gallant? Or do you believe I love you?"

And she whispered back: "Both."

"As I was sayin'—" Jules was in a conversational mood, "I don't b'lieve in runnin' contrariwise to nature. That's what makes me so sad—thinkin' about y'all."

"Thinkin' what?"

"Waaaal, it seems like your health ain't so good, or anyway, it ain't in the cards to remain so for very long. It seems a plumb shame that when folks want to go by the Good Book, they shouldn't be let to. What I always say is that if a boy and a girl want to cleave together, why let 'em cleave."

Judith said suddenly, "Jules—do you know how much a hundred thousand dollars is?"

"Yep. It's a right smart piece of money. Right smart. But you know, twice that much wouldn't be no use to a dead man."

"You and Alan together . . ."

"Ma'am, you're mighty generous, but I got better sense."

"You know you don't want to take part in a murder."

"I never did," complained Jules sadly, "but you ain't got no idea how easy it gits to be after a while."

"You mean they've got something like that on you already?"

"Waaaal, you might call it that. Funny what sort of things git to be a habit. Them fellers upstairs—an' I bet they're settin' comfortable in that there kitchen . . . they know they can trust me. An' now if I was you, I'd just sort of make the most of these last few hours, because you ain't got a chance of gittin' away. It's too bad, because I think you're real nice folks."

JULES lighted another stogie, and gave himself over to philosophic contemplation. Alan and Judith spoke in whispers, sitting close to each other, so that their shoulders touched. Alan's face was grave.

He said, "Tomorrow, Judith, when they take you to the bank, you've got to take a chance."

"What sort of chance?"

"Call one of the special officers. Have him nab Gene Lyons."

"So that Chuck can telephone out here and have you killed instantly?"

"That isn't the way to look at it. They've got me. It doesn't make sense for you not to get clear."

"Of course it doesn't." She smiled gently. "Can you imagine me pronouncing your death sentence, Alan? Because that's what it would be, you know."

"It might not. I'd try to get away. Maybe I'd succeed."

"No, dear. Gene is smart. He knows I wouldn't."

"But, darling . . ."

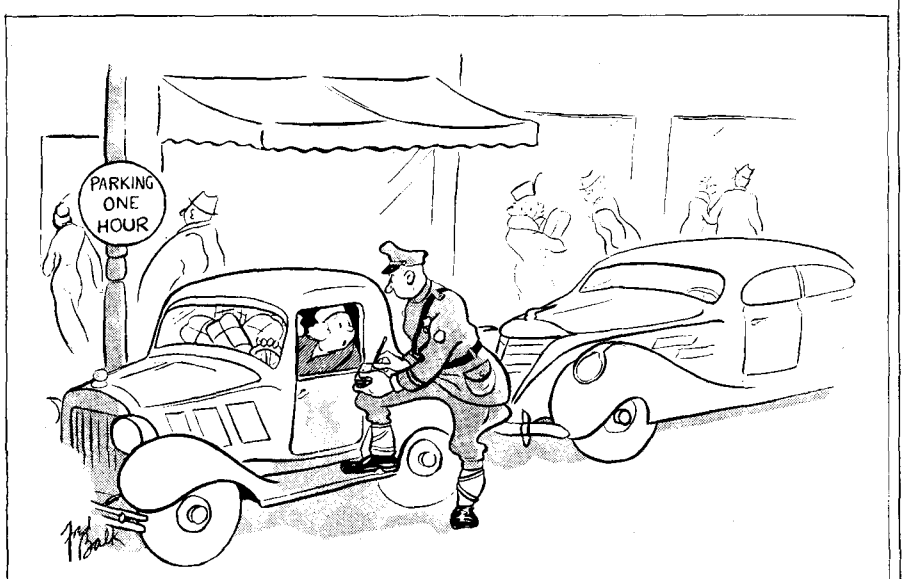
"Keep on calling me darling. But don't argue."

"I've got to argue. Don't you realize that they haven't any idea of letting us live?"

"They might—for a while. And every hour of grace gives us just that much more chance."

"What I can't stand is the thought of you being safe in the bank, and then stepping right back into this. Damn it! I've got a good mind to start something now—"

"That wouldn't do any good, Alan. They'd finish you, and I doubt whether they'd be any more considerate of me." Her hands were clasping his tightly. "It looks as though we'd have to take it in stride, dear. And our most important



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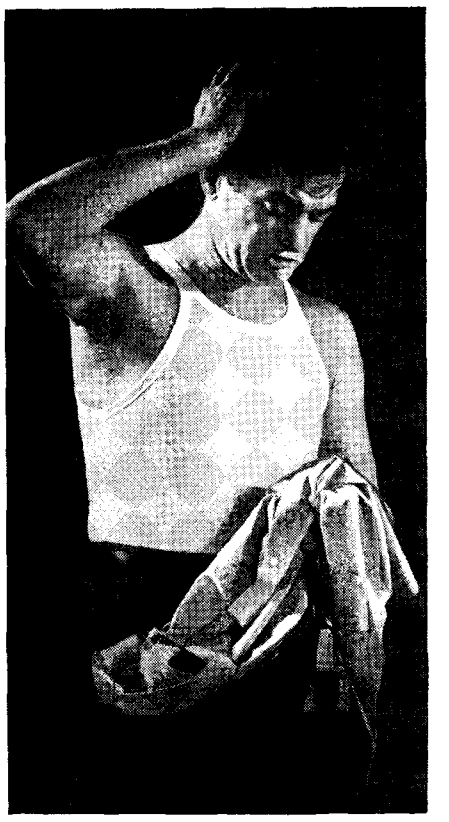

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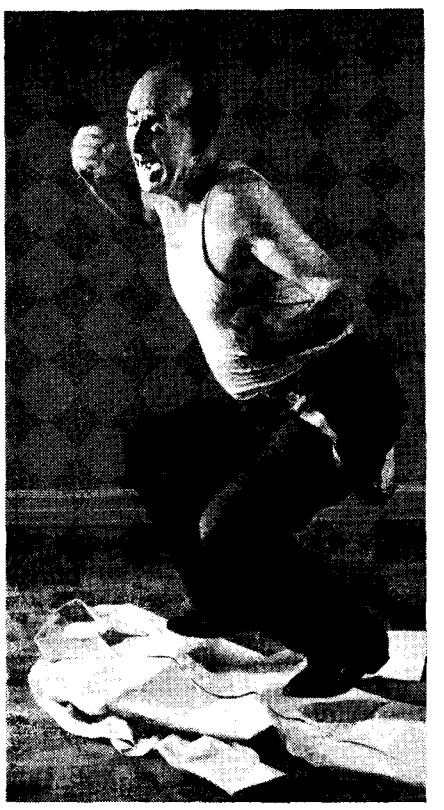

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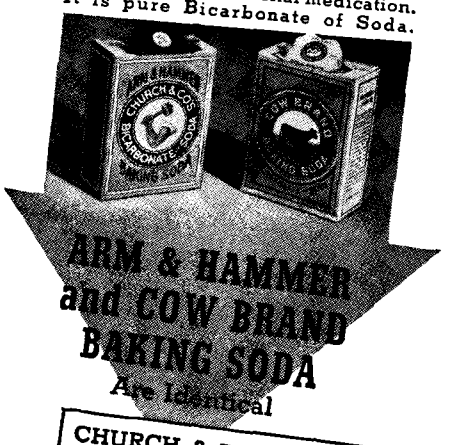

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job now is to keep each other's spirits up."

"I'm okay . . . except for being worried about you."

"And I'm okay, too—except for wanting you so much."

He glanced at his wrist watch. "One o'clock."

"Daylight-saving time." She played her part bravely. "You mustn't ever forget to say that, sweetheart."

"We've been reprieved until nine o'clock tomorrow morning. That doesn't give us much time."

"Time for what?"

"To get out of here."

Her cheeks were white. She said, "There's nothing you can do."

"Maybe not. But I can try."

"Alan . . . darling . . . please . . ."

His expression was grim. He said, "I can't compel you to do what I want at the bank tomorrow. I know what we're in for if you won't. That checks it right back to me to do something tonight."

"Can't we just hope?"

"Hoping doesn't do any good."

She felt a surge of pride. This was no easygoing, indifferent Alan. The young man she had known apparently had vanished forever, and in his stead had come another person who looked like the same Alan, but whose jaw was squarer, whose eyes were clear and hard.

"We've got to do something," he stated grimly, "and we've got to do it within the next eight hours."

"Eight hours! Such a pitifully short time. Such a hopeless task . . ."

She asked, "Can't we just forget everything but ourselves for those eight hours, Alan?"

"No." Alan was hard as steel. "There isn't any problem that can't be solved. And I intend to find the answer to this one."

"But, Alan—it's impossible."

"Nothing is impossible," he said, "when it means as much as this does—to both of us."

THE door at the head of the stairs opened, and Gene Lyons appeared. He called, "Hi, Jules. How's everything?"

"Purty good, Chief. We're havin' a right nice time."

"Need anything?"

"Nope. I got plenty of stogies, an' it seems as if they've got what they want, too."

Gene said, "Joe and I are right here in the kitchen. In case you need anything."

"Not now I don't. Maybe 'long about four o'clock you might whip up a mess of ham an' eggs. An' coffee."

"Okay." Gene closed the door, and Alan turned his back on Jules. He was thinking, and he didn't want the gangling jailer to suspect just how intensively his brain was working.

The design of the house was simple, and every detail was stamped on Alan's mind: the sitting room into which he originally had been ushered, the four-square kitchen with its old-fashioned range . . . and just now Alan was trying to remember the precise location of kitchen doors and windows.

The flight of steps leading from the basement opened into the center of the kitchen's south wall. Almost directly opposite was the door leading outside, presumably onto a tiny back porch and thence into the yard. To the left of the basement door was the door giving access to the sitting room, and there was another door on that side of the room, which Alan was sure opened into a closet. He remembered two windows: one near the outside door and opposite the cellar steps, the other on the right, over the sink.

Gene's appearance at the head of the basement steps had revealed the kitchen bathed in light, and, now that the door had been closed again, Alan could see by the doorsill that the light was still on. That meant that Gene was keeping both sitting room and kitchen illuminated. Small hope of escape there, and still less chance any other way. Even if he could concoct some scheme by which Jules Everett could be handled, there was no possibility of egress through the coal-chute window, nor would it be possible to force the steel-bolted storm door.

Judith sat close beside him, and took his hand again. He was proud of her sweetness and gentleness and courage. Strange blend, this girl to whom he was married: all fire and ice, according to the needs of the moment. At this particular moment she was intensely feminine, apparently indifferent to the danger that surrounded them. She was smiling, too. A smile of happiness. There was fear, too; but that seemed to be in the background. She said, "Quit thinking, dear. It's no use."

He said, "I'd hate to believe that."

"What else is there to believe?" She touched his hand to her cheek. "It's tough that things couldn't have been different, but evidently the gods didn't feel like playing that way. And I'm too happy to be as scared as I should be."

Alan said, "I'm not going to argue with you any more about tomorrow morning. But once again I'm asking you: Will you do what I want?"

"Give the alarm in the bank? Save myself—cause Gene's arrest—and know that I'm pronouncing your death sentence? Answer it yourself, darling. Will I?"

"All right—don't." For the first time his chronic, boyish grin appeared. He said, "You're a complete idiot and I'd like to slap you down for being so stupid . . . but I still love you."

"I love you more than you do me, my son."

"Bet."

"I never bet on sure things, Alan." She looked around the dingy basement. "They plighted their troth in a coalbin . . . sounds like the first line of a modernistic poem."

"I think you've got something there."

"Of course I have. The subject matter is fascinating." She was very gay. "You know, I've always wondered how troths are actually plighted, and what sort of a plight it is, anyway. Besides, even if you're in a plight—and *that* sounds intriguing, too—how in the world do you find out for sure what a troth is?"

He tilted her face upward, kissed her hard on the lips, and said softly, "Nice going, sweetheart. But you're not getting even halfway to first base."

"Meaning just exactly what, Mister Hughes?"

"Meaning that you're trying to knock ideas out of my head. Lady, you ain't got a chance."

She was serious in a moment. "I don't like the look in your eyes, Alan. Do you realize what will happen if you start something?"

He said, very softly, "I'm not so sure, Judith. I've looked through you right into an idea."

"What sort of an idea?"

"Ramble around the cellar with me. Kid along with Jules so he won't get wise to what I'm looking at or thinking about."

"Please, Alan . . ."

His gaze was steady. He said, "This time we're not arguing, darling."

"You'll tell me before you do anything?"

"Naturally. I'd have to."

Judith drew a deep breath, and the look she gave Alan was an admixture of pride and love and apprehension. Then she said, "Let's go. But whatever it is, I don't believe in it."

He gave one last word of warning: "And don't you keep watching me, either. Jules is your job."

JULES presented no great difficulties. He was willing enough to talk, and Judith put up a nice show. She said, "Three certainly is a crowd, isn't it, Jules?"

"Uh-huh. I was thinkin' that myself. I was just thinkin', 'Jules, you're a hell of a chaperon!' "

"I've seen worse."

He shrugged. " 'Tain't that I like it. I mean feelin' out of the pitcher thisaway, like my com'ny wasn't wanted."

"We understand . . ." She wondered desperately what Alan was doing, what he was thinking, where he was looking. There *wasn't* any answer to the problem, and yet he was hunting for it. It was foolhardy, dangerous . . . but she did the job assigned her: did it bravely and gaily. "You must have lived quite a life yourself, Jules."

"Yep. Hereabouts an' thereabouts."

"You don't look hard-boiled."

"Ma'am, you said it. I ain't got a mean bone in my body; but shuh! when a guy has got a job to do—"

"Meaning us?"

"Yep. 'Tain't the way I'd choose. Y'all are nice folks." His voice rose querulously, "Why did you have to git yourselves all messed up?"

"I really don't know. But you'll admit one thing: we certainly went the limit."

"Ma'am, you sho' did. An' I don't mean maybe."

"You don't think we've got a chance?"

"Tellin' you the truth, Mis' Hughes,

"But why am I giving you all of these confidences?"

WILLIAM STEIG

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I wouldn't swap your chances for the skin off a Bermuda onion."

"You've got confidence in Gene, haven't you?"

"Uh-huh. An' in me, too."

"Now, just suppose we started something."

"I'd be awful grieved. But I'd sure blow hell out of both of you."

Alan's voice broke in, "You're honest, anyway, Jules."

"Yep. I always like folks to know where I stand."

"In other words, this is a sort of a death watch."

"Now, listen, feller—what's the sense of talkin' so doggone' gruesome?"

"Well, it is, isn't it?"

"Sure. But when you talk that way—nice folks like you-all . . . well, you make me feel kinda embarrassed."

Alan laughed and pulled Judith away. "Let's don't embarrass Jules any more, honey." And to Jules, "You don't mind if we do a bit of whispering, do you? After all, if it's our last night together . . ."

"Go right ahead. I seen a lot of funny things in my time. An' . . ." by way of afterthought, "I don't go around gossiping, neither."

Alan drew Judith into the farthest corner. His eyes were unnaturally bright and the arms he put around her body were strong. He kissed her, and said, "Pretend that I'm making love to you, and that you like it."

She kissed him in a manner that indicated that she did like it. "Does that tell you anything?"

"Too much. One more like that and I'll be dizzy." He lowered his lips to her ear. "Listen, sweetheart—and don't argue . . . because my mind is made up. I've got the hunch. It's wild; it's crazy . . . I'll say it all for you. But it's our one chance."

He felt her body trembling against his. She said, "You'll be careful . . ."

"No, I won't be careful. And neither will you." It was a new, determined, grim young man speaking: one whom she scarcely knew, but of whom she was proud. "Listen: Just to the right of the storm-door stairway is a fuse box. I'm familiar with houses like these, and it's a ten to one bet that it's the only fuse box in the house. I've been inspecting it. There's a master switch. That's our chance."

SHE said, "I'm beginning to understand. But go ahead."

"Have you ever been plunged suddenly into darkness? Sure . . . and you know what it does. Throws you off balance—mentally. So you and I are going to stroll toward that fuse box. Jules won't have the faintest idea what we're doing. I'll make love to you. I'll raise my hand, and when you feel me do it—get ready to jump. Follow me?"

"Yes . . . I understand."

"I've measured the distance between that fuse box and where Jules is sitting. The instant those lights go out, jump to your right, and jump fast. I'll have about two seconds advantage, because I'll be prepared and he won't. If he shoots, he'll shoot at the spot where we were standing. We simply won't be there. I'll not only know where he is, but I'll also know by the flash of his gun—if he shoots."

Her voice was calm—or at least, it seemed to be. She said, "I'm not afraid if you're not, Alan."

"This isn't any time to be frightened. It's a luxury I'll reserve for the future. Now here's the point: as we jump away from that fuse box, you keep on moving. Right straight toward the wall yonder—not back to this spot. Jules will never know where you are, even if the plan doesn't work."

"And you?" she asked.

"I'm going to try to get that gun from Jules. And please don't argue. . . ."

Judith's heart was pounding. She said, "If your mind is made up, Alan—"

"It is."

"Then let's go." Once more she kissed him, and he heard her whisper, "Good luck, darling."

He stepped back from her and tried to be gay. And he was gay, almost too much so. She matched his manner, so that Jules Everett, chair tilted back against the furnace, gun resting on his lap—found himself applauding their courage, and slightly doubting their complete sanity.

They were laughing now—and joking—and each step they took brought them closer to the fuse box. It was such a little thing, attached to the wall just about two feet above Alan's head. Such a little thing, and so important. Right under the fuse box, Alan stopped and put his hands on Judith's shoulders. He winked over her head at the interested Jules. "Hope you don't mind our affectionate dispositions, Jules."

"Go right ahead," drawled Mr. Everett. "Ain't no good reason why y'all shouldn't have *some* fun."

ONLY the tension with which her arms tightened about him gave a hint of the strain Judith was under. Alan whispered, "Steady, sweetheart. Chin up."

"Chin's up, Alan."

"Ready?" He raised his hand and stroked the top of her head, so that when he acted, there would be the shortest possible distance for his hand to travel. "Got everything straight?"

"Yes, dear."

It happened swiftly, with such speed that it was surprising even to Judith, who was prepared. She felt Alan's body lengthen out; she heard a metallic sound. Then there was blackness.

Jules' startled cry of "Hey . . ." came simultaneously with the violent jerk of Alan's hand on her arm. She was half thrown across the basement. Then she lost Alan. . . .

The blackness of the cellar was punctured by an orange flash and a deafening roar. Then, through the darkness, she heard the impact of bodies, a choked oath from Jules Everett, and the impact of a revolver butt on a human skull . . . then the heavy sound of a body falling. She thought, "It's Alan . . ." but instantly she was reassured. His voice, strong and confident, came to her through the dark: "Steady, honey . . ."

It had happened swiftly, frighteningly . . . and yet there was a wild exultation. The tension of the past hour vanished. Here was relief from that awful waiting—a fierce, actual, imminent danger. But not inertia.

She heard running feet on the floor of the kitchen. She heard the lock turn and the kitchen door at the head of the stairway was flung open. Her eyes, already somewhat accustomed to the blackness, saw a figure in the doorway; a figure silhouetted against the moonglow that filtered into the kitchen through two windows.

The man at the head of the stairway shouted, "What's wrong down there?"

Judith saw a shadow move at the foot of the stairs.

There was another revolver shot—a sharp crack that reverberated through the musty basement. Another orange flame that spat from the muzzle of Jules Everett's gun—out and upward.

There was a hoarse scream from the lips of the man at the head of the steps. The crash of his body as it collapsed onto the floor of the kitchen.

And Alan's voice again, firm and confident:

"Stay where you are, Judith." Then, to steady her nerves, "We've got a chance now, and that's a lot more than we had before."

(To be concluded next week)

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"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES . . . AND AT HOME TOO"

Brown and Yellow Bombers

Continued from page 13

is that Japanese are poor air material because "they have no sense of balance"; because their "nervous reflexes are too slow"; because they "are imitative, cannot think for themselves in emergencies, are lost without their copybooks."

But aviation will have a limited destiny in mankind's progress, indeed, if its advantages, its pleasures, its practice are only for certain races and peoples and not for any human of intelligence, education and good health.

A Japanese army flight surgeon reminded me that most of the balancing acts we used to see in vaudeville in the United States were given by Japanese performers, lying upon their backs, twirling huge colored balls, or sometimes colleagues, on their feet. Moreover, anyone who visits Japan and witnesses the incredible dexterity of average Japanese bicyclists, of delivery boys dodging through heavy traffic without benefit of handle bars while balancing in both hands trays piled high with dishes of hot "soba" from neighborhood restaurants, is ready to swear the Japanese have the best sense of balance of any people.

There are a hundred variations of the "true story" about the Japanese pilot flying by the book. One is that he was gliding in to land. He looked out for a moment, and the wind blew the page over, away from the instructions "How to Land" to those on "How to Do a Loop." He glanced back at the textbook, unwittingly followed the new paragraphs, and landed upside down. "The facts," the Japanese flight surgeon went on to declare, "seem to be that we are endowed with certain racial virtues, with respect to flying. We are small, light, and used to cramped quarters—from childhood we learn to sit on the floor, on our heels or with crossed legs, for hours, motionless. We are agile, deft, strong. Western views of us as unemotional—meaning our nervous reflexes are slow—are, I think, ignorance due to unfamiliarity. If you have attended our classic dramas and seen a whole audience in tears at the end, you know we are really a very emotional, high-strung people—under the surface. Our greatest difficulty in getting pilots is neither mental nor emotional—but defective vision, which is a national problem."

So Japs Can't Fly?

Civilian, everyday Japan undoubtedly is, among major powers, the least air-minded. Tokyo is perhaps the only sophisticated capital where people run out of houses and nearly all street movement halts, while pedestrians and riders alike crane their necks and gape, whenever any plane goes overhead. There are reasons.

Japan proper, the "breakwater" for the continent of Asia, has the earth's most wretched atmospheric and topographic conditions, with respect to flight. The meeting of cold and warm seas off her coasts breeds fog and cloud masses that shroud her constantly. The funneled straits, the precipitous coasts, set up turbulent air currents. She is in the typhoon belt. Comparable to Montana in area, or to Florida, Georgia and Indiana combined, Japan proper has more than 250 peaks higher than six thousand feet. The view from your cockpit is a pilot's bad dream: endless volcanic ranges, deepset lakes, with rice paddies at the foot of the coastal shoulders—and black lava beaches. Japanese pilots habitually follow the coasts, flying low under the weather, the least of many evils. Millions upon millions of Japanese, inshore, have never seen an airplane.

A background of widespread automobile usage, plus the barnstorming era after the Great War, were responsible for American and most European air-mindedness, so called. Japan never had such boosts. It is still a country without highway systems like those known here; the per capita knowledge of automobiles is smallest among great nations—only seven thousand cars for the entire eighty million population. After the war, she had no class of demobilized flyers to go barnstorming; no fields where they could do it. Even today all Japan has but the same number of public and private airports for civil planes as Rhode Island—about ten.

In ten years of operation Japanese commercial flying has never killed a passenger. Vile weather, lack of radio and other "blind" flying facilities, cause infrequent schedules, impose caution. Moreover, Japanese pilots share national traits of prudence and thoroughness. Their flight technique is patterned on United States practice. Little safety measures—such as "revving" up the motors before take-off, to make sure they are sufficiently warm and clear"; and using "all the runway"—are routine on Japanese air lines; and too seldom observed in Europe. The Japanese is not a hair-trigger flyer, who makes snap judgments in emergencies. Faced with a crisis his instinct is to circle away, think it over, plan his whole action in his mind—and then come back and methodically go through with it. There are no prima donnas in Japanese commercial flying—and no pilots of outstanding brilliance. You get the impression of a good, stubborn average.

You encounter up-to-date American equipment on Japanese lines, Douglas, Beechcraft, Lockheed. There are fewer European makes—the British Envoy; and now five German ships of the type that recently flew in two days from Berlin to Tokyo have been purchased. In Manchukuo I flew in a Fokker-Super-Universal, used on air-mail runs in the United States in 1928. The Japanese built some planes of their own; chief of these is the "Nakajima," which looks and feels like a 5-and-10-cent-store Douglas to a long-legged foreigner. The accident rate with their home-built military planes is high: since the China war began they have lost far more behind the lines than in combat. You will see as many as six wrecks a week noted in the Japanese newspapers. Most seem to be for no reason. The Japanese press has a stock phrase for describing them: "Coming apart by itself in the air!"

The inferior quality and performance of Japan's own planes and motors is probably due to traditional Japanese industrial organization. Manufacturing is sublet to dozens of small machine shops, which are uneven in dependability, experience and skill.

Can air power win military victories? That is, can attacks by pursuits and other forms of fighting aircraft upon land troops influence the course of battles and campaigns?

"The answer is in China and in Spain, for everyone to see. But democracies," the disgusted representative of one of them grumbled as we picked our way through debris left by air raids in Canton, "are old-fashioned. They're like women who came of age with corsets and won't change to girdles. The democracies came of age with infantry and dreadnoughts. But have you noticed that the dictatorships are the bobbed-hair girls of international politics? Have you noticed that Italy, Germany and Russia are the greatest air powers in Europe: Japan the only real air power out here. War has gone streamlined—while your country and mine, in a military sense, are still riding in trolley cars. Air war is more efficient war. *Air war is cheaper war.*

"In Spain the government forces were ahead in the beginning with a diversified aviation, chiefly French and Russian planes, piloted by international adventurers. But the original equipment superiority of the government has disappeared. Some planes are manufactured now in Barcelona; but the supply of up-to-the-minute foreign aircraft has been greatly cut. Meanwhile, Franco has been handed a ready-made air force in overwhelming numbers of latest German and Italian planes, skilled and hardy young pilots. His land army is a spiritless one of mercenaries and conscripts. Alone, it could not have maintained itself, much less gained territory, against the government's zealous troops. Superior air power is the sole balance in his favor.

How Japan Saved Herself

"Here, China's sheer weight in men would have exterminated the Japanese, save for air power. The Chinese have all of 3,000,000; the Japanese have never had much more than 300,000. Take the drive on Hankow. The attachés in Shanghai, the officers on the foreign warships in the Yangtze, have an accurate check on the number of Japanese troops engaged, because the Japanese transports had to pass them. We know there were only five Japanese divisions there for a long time; just lately they sent up four more. That made a maximum of nine divisions—or 180,000 men—opposed by at least a million Chinese. Artillery, machine guns, probably not even complete ineptitude could have kept such odds from prevailing ordinarily.

"But the Japanese have a strong and more efficient air force, and they have used it in close co-operation with the ground forces. They have used air power for all it is worth as an extension of the eyes and the muzzles of land power. They have spotted every Chinese attempt to concentrate for large-scale attacks or counterattacks and blasted them out before they could get under way. They have utterly destroyed the Chinese lines of communications; the railroads and highways supplying the front. They have emasculated China's land power.

"Without superior air power Japan's dream of empire would have remained a dream. With it, she has been able to make one foot soldier do the work of ten. If she had to use just men, guns and money to make a conquest of this vast land—she could not have afforded it. Then economists who said Japan would go broke would have been right. But they figured on expensive old-style war; not on modern, efficient, streamlined, cheaper war. She didn't get along quickly at first, because her air power was green. You've seen the improvement these last few months. No other campaign of history overran such a huge blob of the earth with such a numerically small army in such a short time.

"Yes, decidedly, air power affects battles and campaigns. It has done so in Spain and in China. This is a lesson that sentiment, propaganda, selfish interests, had muddled in daily headlines.

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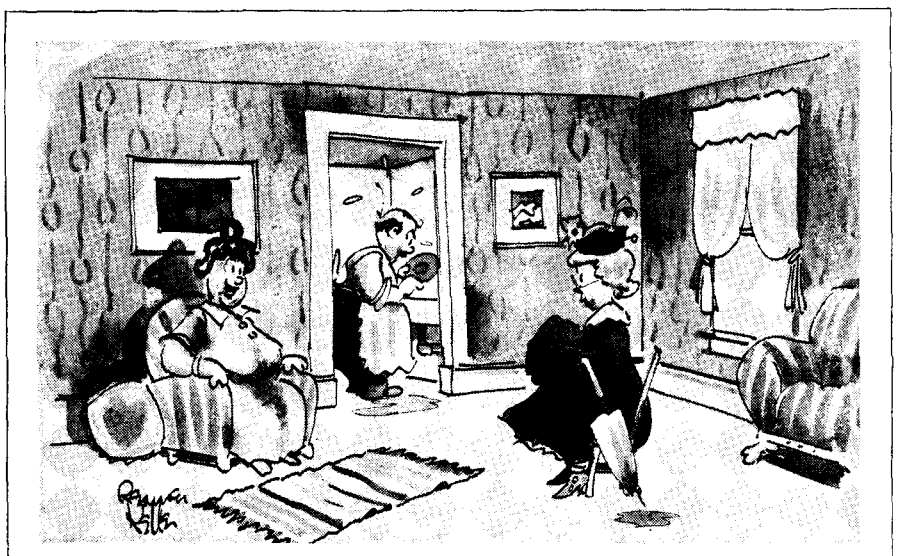
But the proofs of it reached Munich. The air preparedness of the dictatorships."

"You'll always know when an air raid is coming, ten minutes before you hear the first alarm!" the cynical reporters already there explained, when you got to Hankow. "Because you'll hear the Chinese air force taking off and beating it upriver to hide!"

The Japanese bombed at the same periods each day. They came as regularly as men reporting to work and punching a time clock. This amused the Chinese no end; and they would run their trains ("on time, next day," they said) and go about their other business between the danger hours. But one day the Japanese double-crossed everybody with an off-schedule visit. The first alarm came at dawn. You heard the antiaircraft, and there were several little pieces of spent hot metal already on the roof when you got there. The startled Chinese planes flew by overhead, so low you might have touched them: manned, you knew, by cursing, sleepy boys.

Antiaircraft bared white teeth across the sky; but the planes were indifferent. Three pursuits fell away from the flight, and dived for the airport. With your glasses you had a close view of events there. A half dozen planes sat on the



"I think Jim's going to get me a dishwasher for my birthday"

REAMER KELLER

aprons; for one reason or another they had not got away. You recognized some American types. Around the edges of the field were sandbagged machine-gun nests. You saw the gunners, not waiting to fire a single round, jump out and scamper off into the underbrush as the Japanese pursuits swooped down.

For ten minutes, unmolested by even a rifle shot, the Japanese played around the field. One by one the Chinese planes, touched by incendiary bullets, curled up in smoke and flame. The Japanese pelted machine-gun slugs into the hangars; and then flew off and up to rejoin their flight unharmed.

The machine gunners who ran away when the Japanese pursuits came down on the Hankow field were not cowardly; neither were the aviators who got their ships out of harm's way under orders. Nor were the Russian squadrons at fault. These rotate, in periods of three months each, in service with the Chinese; flying, in easy stages, to and from Russia. It is primarily a training field for them: they have a specific mission—to bomb Japanese shipping on the Yangtze. The Russians keep strictly to themselves, have their own commanders and orders—are not answerable even to the generalissimo. Their job is to gain intensive experience, inflict as much damage as possible and return to Russia intact. They cannot be noted as part of the Chinese air force.

The affair at Hankow airdrome came from lack of leadership and morale; back of that was ugly corruption, exploitation of the Chinese people by their own leaders and by foreigners. When you consider Chinese aviation, you find yourself compelled to fall back on the inadequate, but only available, explanation: "This is China! The land of 'squeeze.'" Hundreds of expensive foreign-made planes—the best and latest products of American and European factories—were shipped into China through Hong Kong after war began. But in August the Chinese had less than three score planes that could be flown. The representative of an English manufacturer told me he delivered twenty "fighters" to Chinese airmen on Kai Tek airdrome at Kowloon in the British colony. He supervised the assembling of each; his expert British test pilot then flight-checked them. The Chinese military aviators flew them away. Not one ever reached Chinese air-force headquarters at Hankow. A million-dollar trail of wreckage.

China's Greatest Handicap

Another Britisher came to me with madness in his eyes, hysteria in his voice. He had delivered several motors to the Chinese. These were the finest English motors, carefully adjusted at the home factory by experts with watchmaker finesse and skill. Except for the most superficial attention—such as changing spark plugs—you leave aircraft motors alone, unless you are an expert. My friend's customers had summoned him back this morning. On their dirty hangar floor were the motors; taken apart, strewn in a thousand pieces. "We like to see how made inside," the Chinese explained: "Now please show us how fix together again!"

Traditional inability of Chinese officialdom to distinguish between private and public funds, when they need money, is notorious. Stories of aviation "squeeze" are endless but, like all such, endless also in their implications, and difficult to prove; so they have no place here.

"It isn't only squeeze that's responsible for China's mess in aviation," an American instructor attached to the Chinese air force told me, "although enough money has been spent to give China an air force three times as large as Japan's. It's something in the Chinese nature. Their ancient feeling of intellectual superiority to all other people. You can teach the Japanese; they are eager to learn. You can't teach a Chinese anything. He knows it all. He will submit to a preliminary technical instruction, but you can feel him sneering at you. Once you get them so they can take the plane into the air, there's nothing more you can teach them. They can fly—and that's that. But, as you know, the art of flying is getting back on the ground—landing. Look around—see all these planes with their landing gears smashed and no facilities for repair.

"Their method of getting pilot material is wrong. If you are a young Chinese and want to get in the air force, it's not a matter of how good are your eyes, lungs, heart and reflexes. It's not a matter of aptitude for flying. It's 'Who do you know'—'whose nephew are you?'

"People outside can believe all they want to about 'modern China,' but I know the real Chinese attitude toward modern inventions is just what an old-fashioned war-lord friend of mine told me. 'If we want things like airplanes we can buy them and hire foreigners to fly them.' He meant they're beneath the intellect, the ancient glories, of China. And you've noticed, the big-shot Chinese always do hire foreigners. The generalissimo and the madame each has a personal American pilot. This isn't altogether because there are no good Chinese pilots available. It's because Chinese don't trust one another."

When I flew out of Hankow, the German pilot indicated a dozen or more Chinese planes rusting on the field margin, most of them whole save for landing gear. "Look," he said, "$300,000 worth of airplanes useless for want of $1,000 worth of spare parts. But there's no 'squeeze' in spare parts: cost too little. An honest, efficient air force would have saved China. It would have met the Japanese on equal terms, and compelled them to send big land armies—more than they can afford. Man for man the Chinese foot soldier is as good as the Japanese. But better you make it airplane for airplane. Ach, a big shame!"

High Up—and Deadly

Is high bombing accurate? Can air raids destroy cities? Does antiaircraft provide effective defense?

China, Spain and the recent brief, vicious, undeclared war between Russia and Japan at Changkufeng give evidence that high-altitude bombing is remarkably accurate. At Changkufeng Russian bombers flew Indian file, above reach of Japanese guns, lineally up and down the Japanese trenches, which were close to their own, and blasted them into mud.

In Shanghai I talked with old-time naval officers, of various nationalities, whose professional convictions that "air bombs cannot sink battleships" had been shaken. The Japanese could not hide serious losses to their warships cooperating on the Yangtze with the army's Hankow drive. Minor repairs were made upriver; but for grave damages there was nothing to do but drydock in Shanghai. Foreign naval officers there kept close watch. Up to autumn, eight Japanese warships of various sizes—one showing by mud stains that it had been sunk, and raised—were towed into Shanghai for overhaul. All had been badly smashed. We knew it was the work of Russian bombers; done from altitudes beyond range of the antiaircraft on the ships themselves, and in mobile units ashore. These, of course, were small vessels; not dreadnoughts. The point, however, is not the resistance power of the ships; but the accuracy of the bombing.

In Hankow I saw a Japanese formation, so high in a clear sky that it was at times invisible to the naked eyes, drop eight bombs at a railroad depot. All of them hit within a radius of less than a hundred yards of the target, ruined the tracks completely, the building partially. This I have seen, and it is good bombing. The whole technical answer

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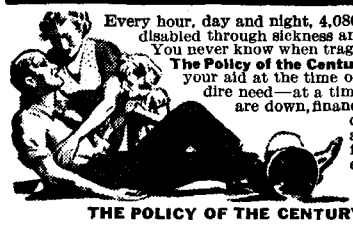

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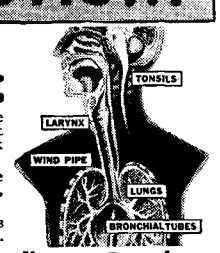

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to bombing accuracy, however, is locked in the safes of war ministries: "Bomb sights" are one of the most zealously guarded secrets of air powers. The Japanese are said to use a sight that was formerly standard equipment with us; whereas the United States Army Air Corps is believed to have perfected a new one that is miraculously accurate.

Can air raids destroy cities? Barcelona, Hankow, Madrid, Canton, say no; but I think this is a fight of definitions. The flimsier construction of Oriental cities makes them more vulnerable. Even so, damage in raids I saw was reasonably confined to the vicinity of the objectives. The Japanese seemed to use three of the major types of air bombs—demolition, of 500 pounds (these are made up to 2,000 pounds); incendiary, which are light and filled with chemicals to start fires; personnel, which have the effect of giant hand grenades and are useful only against land troops. Demolition bombs vary; some have fuses that detonate on the slightest impact, others delayed fuses, and bury themselves before exploding. The Chinese ingeniously spread huge straw mats, in several layers, on bamboo poles above building roofs. The delicately set bombs would go off, more or less ineffectually, high in the air.

Some Lessons from China and Spain

What the capacity of bombers of the future will be no one can foretell. The capacity of modern bombers, the weight of destructive loads they can transport, can be estimated precisely. The combined bombing fleets of the world, unopposed above New York, could not drop in a raid enough explosives to destroy that city—if, by destroy, you mean "wipe it from the face of the earth." Conversely, a single bomber could do incalculable damage with an accurate hit on utility works.

The lesson of China and Spain is that bombers can disable cities, but not destroy them. Moreover, that if they have to fight a defensive air fleet while bombing the results will be cut down.

Can antiaircraft defend cities adequately? The answer of China and Spain is no. Supplementary aids—"ears," amplifiers and intercepters of extreme sensitivity can pick up approaching bombers scores of miles away; "eyes," beamless searchlights, will reveal them at great heights in night skies. But what good will it do you to know they are overhead, unless you can knock them down? The latest and finest antiaircraft equipment has not kept rebel bombers from Madrid and Barcelona. Hankow, Canton, and the important railroad to Hong Kong, had mixed antiaircraft, some admittedly obsolete, others of the latest types and highest ranges available. Day after day I watched these guns spitting at raiders; always the bursts were behind the planes. The marksmanship of the Chinese may have been poor, although they had expert foreign coaches. At any rate, the Japanese paid no attention to antiaircraft. Sometimes we heard of a Japanese plane brought down at the front; I found no reliable witnesses. Once we heard that eight planes had been got; there was immense chagrin when they were found to be Chinese, returning to land.

The answer, in the wars now raging, is that the best defense against airplanes is—airplanes.

Last and most important question of all—if not to militarists, then certainly to you and your family: Are those of us who stay and work at home in danger of being wiped out in the next war? It depends upon the morals of your government.

After each raid on Hankow or Changsha, and similar places, the Chinese Propaganda Ministry would hand out statistics to the correspondents—600, or 800, or whatever the number, "innocent civilians" killed. We never suspected the innocence of the poor victims. We questioned that of the officials, whose eagerness in telling us how many civilians were killed was matched by their remissness in failing to tell those civilians how to avoid being killed.

The marksmanship of Japanese bombing pilots was perhaps often at fault; but, within my personal observation, not their intentions. Canton and Hankow, for example, were very well-fortified cities, military headquarters, bristling with legitimate objectives. I have a map of Canton showing the areas in which destruction of nonmilitary property, and deaths of civilians, occurred. Each was in the near vicinity of a military objective: utility plants, a bridge, railroads. One American hospital, within a few hundred feet of important rail yards, had a small American flag painted on a terra-cotta roof; no pilot could have discerned this from 1,000 feet. On every side were buildings used by the military. Lingnan University (Canton Christian College, Rockefeller-endowed) had a Chinese antiaircraft gun on its campus until faculty pleas secured its removal.

More damage was done to property in Canton and other cities by fires set by the Chinese themselves than by Japanese bombs. Four hundred civilians were killed in Changsha by a fire set by Chinese authorities. The American Church Mission Hospital was destroyed, together with about eighty per cent of the total number of houses in this Hunan Province capital. More civilians, helpless peasants, were killed by the flood caused when the Chinese High Command had the Yangtze dikes breached than by Japanese air bombs in the entire war.

Your Chances Are Still Good

Japanese raids did enormous damage, caused thousands of noncombatant deaths. But those of us who looked on knew that most of those deaths were unnecessary. They were due to negligence of authorities, who did not instruct and drill their populations in how to protect themselves. If they had been warned to run, walk, or crawl away from the neighborhood of military objectives when raid signals were given, some would have been killed—but not ten per cent of the dreadful totals. I have seen hundreds of ignorant civilians sitting like sparrows alongside possible military objectives. Many were actually blown up in railroad depots, although they must have had half an hour's leeway to clear out, if they had been instructed in the danger of their situation.

The lesson is that you need not fear being wiped out in the next great war.

Some killing of civilians is unavoidable. But your chances of safety in any modern city of a well organized, intelligently and efficiently administered nation are very, very good. When raids threaten in London, New York, Paris, Rome, the vicinities of power and light plants, bridges, railroad yards, will be evacuated by noncombatants. You must stay off roofs; forego the silly heroics of Londoners in 1915, who used to go topside to watch the Zeppelin raids. The danger from your own antiaircraft shrapnel will be too great. You must go into the sturdy, well-constructed trenches and dugouts that will be provided. There were a few dugouts on Chinese streets—flimsy things that a can of tomatoes, dropped from 500 feet, would have penetrated. The Chinese were afraid to enter them. You will be taught gas mask use; otherwise drilled. Then you will be reasonably safe.

The most ruthless enemy is not likely to go bombing just for you. Bombs, planes, gasoline, pilots—all these things cost money and are not to be risked except on missions of military value. Wholesale bombing for sheer terrorism would be a costly, worthless gesture; it is a political catchword to scare you, but you won't find it in the militarist's practical handbook.

These are the firsthand lessons from China and Spain.

But security, wherever you are, will be relative: war cannot be safe or gentle. Things will happen for which there is no solution in military theories, no answer in the mind of man, although your heart may search for it always. Things that sweep away everything you know and believe. Things like the unimportant event of your last day in China.

With your interpreter you were picking your way among craters and bodies; all the foul and melancholy aftermath of an air raid. Suddenly you both stopped in your tracks. A boy was running toward you; a ragged, verminous boy of the slums. In one hand he held a small raw fragment, from which dangled two whole, unscarred, bare human feet. The feet of a poor-class middle-aged woman.

The boy ran without direction or sight. His eyes were dry and wide. He

LAURENCE REYNOLDS

was not crying; but there was a line of froth bubbling on his lips, and he was making queer little animal sounds.

"Shell shock!" you cried to your interpreter, and you both grabbed the boy and held him. Under your hands, that hot summer day, this thin little body was rigid, icy. His eyes turned upon you; and you shrank from their dreadful vacancy, and from your awareness of what he carried.

Your interpreter questioned him. The boy did not answer; blindly tried to pull away. You slapped him, slapped him hard, until a little color stained the putty of his cheeks, under their grime, and the faintest light came momentarily into his eyes. He began to cry.

The interpreter questioned him again; and the boy whimpered a few words.

The interpreter fell back. "Let him go! Let him go!" he said thickly, and cursed. Blankness had returned to the boy's eyes; the quick tears had dried. He ran on, stumbling, and making the queer little animal noises.

"What did he say?" you asked the interpreter.

"He said," the man told you, slowly, "'I was walking with my mother, and now I can't find her!'"

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Bert Beal's Daughter

Continued from page 20

road. She was wearing a light blue coat and a small blue felt hat with a red feather in it. Ever since she had started going out with Mark Jordon, people had noticed a difference in Ermina Beal. The first thing they had seen was the change in her clothes. She no longer went around in that shabby old yellow sweater and plaid skirt and low sneakers. One day she got her father to take her to Bangor and she bought the blue coat and the hat and a pair of shoes without toes and sheer silk stockings and she would wear them in the afternoon walking down the street with Ruth Grant. When she went into Colson's for a soda she didn't sit in the corner reading one of the books from the lending library in the back of the store. She came in nowadays with Ruth and maybe Judy Wass and she laughed with them—giggling over L. B.'s jokes as he mixed the drinks, taking the kidding about her boy friend with blushing enjoyment.

Her mother and Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Wass were afraid for Ermina. They shook their heads and agreed that no good would come of that affair. But Mrs. Beal was fat and comfortable and she was so glad to have her Ermina happy that she hated to put her foot down. Then one day Mrs. Wass came fluttering and cackling into the Beal's house, telling what some folks in Jonesport were saying about Ermina and this Mark Jordon.

"They *say,* Susie—and I'm only saying what they *say,* mind you, I'm not one for gossip, you know that, Susie. They are saying that Ermina is being mighty foolish over this Mark Jordon and that maybe there is trouble there—I said, maybe . . ."

When Mrs. Beal told her husband about it, Bert got red in the face. He put his foot down and Ermina said that he was trying to spoil the one nice thing that had come into her life.

MARK stopped the car. He leaned out the window and said, "Hello, babe—want a lift?"

Ermina smiled, but he saw at once that she was worried.

"Hop in," Mark said. "Don't look so glum."

"Did you see Dad?" Ermina asked as soon as she was sitting beside him.

"Why, yes, come to think of it—he was down to the dock."

"Did he—say anything?"

Mark thought a minute, then he said, "Nothing much—just that Penny Gibson wanted to ship some lobsters with me in the morning."

"That's all? Are you sure?"

"Sure. He just said that Penny didn't want me to leave without that shipment."

He could see that she didn't believe him—but she was grateful.

Mark didn't start the car going that minute. He sat there looking at Ermina, looking at her blue coat and her blue hat with the red feather and her sheer silk stockings and her shoes without toes and he said, "All dolled up, aren't you? You look like a million. Give me a kiss."

Ermina shook her head and moved nearer the door.

Mark put his hands on the wheel and said, "What's the matter, baby? I said give me a kiss."

"And I said no. The Grants will see us."

"The hell with the Grants."

The second his mouth touched hers he could feel her forget the Grants and her father, and he knew he had a pretty good thing there with Ermina and he felt that he had put something over on the local boys. She had been around all that time and they had never taken the trouble to find out what they were missing.

They drove along the Addison road which was black tar and ran through the woods. After a while, as they got nearer Addison, the trees thinned out and then ended at a clay bluff which brooded over the marshes. The road dipped here and crossed the river on a low, crib-built bridge with a draw in the middle channel of the tide river. Between the river and the few white houses of the village lay the marshes. At that time of the evening they were a soft gold-brown, melting into blue haze in the distance.

Mark said, "I'm shoving off in the morning."

"Will you be gone long, Mark?"

"I don't know—pretty long this time."

"You mean longer than a week?"

"Maybe a month—maybe longer."

"Longer than a month!" She was startled. She turned on the seat and when he glanced at her he saw that her eyes were staring at him—they were big and frightened.

"I guess so," he said, "I'm going to South America. I got a chance to ship as second mate on an International Fruiter."

Ermina sat very still.

HE BEGAN talking about the sea—how it was in his blood. He said that after a few months of being around land so much he had to get out—he had to get away from the land.

He didn't know why he talked that way. It was all bunk. The sea was all right—it was a living. But it wasn't in his blood. It just sounded good to say that. He just talked that way because he could feel that it made her proud of him—and sad.

Ermina was very quiet. Then she said, "I'm going to South America with you."

Mark laughed. It was the first time he had ever heard her kidding. "That-a-girl," he said, patting her hand. "I'll make a sailor out of you yet." Ermina didn't say anything and Mark went on, "We'll charter a vessel and you'll be cook and first mate." But it didn't seem funny when he said that. Ermina was so quiet. She sat there staring ahead of her through the windshield, her hands held together on her lap.

"If you're not kidding," he said, "you'd better forget it. The sea's not a place for a woman."

She turned to him. Mark saw a little smile start at the corners of her mouth. "I guess I was, Mark. I was just kidding—just talking . . ." She paused for a moment, then, very quietly, "I'll miss you, Mark."

"Sure," he said, "I'll miss you too. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bring you back something. A parrot—how'd you like a parrot?"

"A parrot! That would be just lovely, Mark. I'd love a parrot."

"A real talker," he said, "Chet's got one on board now. He says, 'Look out, Chet—the ship's afire!' just as real. He bought him in Panama. I'll show him to you after the dance. We'll go aboard and I'll show you around the vessel." And before she could get a chance to wonder about going on board the boat he kept right on talking about the way you can pick out a parrot in Panama.

"Don't you ever want to live at home?" she asked.

"What has home got that I haven't?" he said, quickly. "Wait till you see the Edna M." And then right away he switched to the Willy District dance and

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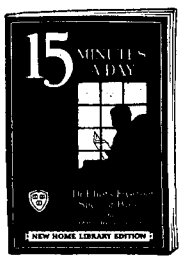

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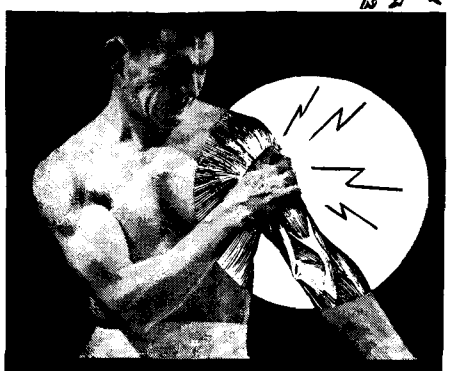

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asked her what it was like and whether she had ever gone there before.

She told him she had—Block Ash had taken her there once.

"Who's Block Ash?"

"Just someone—he went around with me a little. I didn't like him." She told him that Block Ash was bad—he was always drinking and fighting and he was the town bully and she didn't like him any more—but he'd still come around sometimes, waiting for her to go out and then he'd follow her and try to talk to her. Once he hurt her when she walked away from him.

Mark wondered about Block Ash and Ermina. And as he began driving faster along Highway No. 1 toward Harrington, he found himself wondering if Ash had recognized the same thing in Ermina he had discovered.

Mark had a quart of rye whisky in the back seat of the car. He had planned to stop somewhere before they got to the Willy District to have a drink—to set them up. But thinking of what Ermina said about Block Ash, he decided not to stop. He didn't like the feeling he had comparing himself to Block Ash.

About four miles on the other side of Harrington they saw the lights of the Willy District hall against the dull gold of the sky and a pall of dust rising like smoke from the parking place.

Just as Mark turned in, a small, stripped-down car skidded ahead of them and came to a sudden stop. A thin little man with a long neck and a dark suit and a hat which seemed too big for him climbed out. He looked around at the crowd of cars, at the men standing around the white-lighted entrance, at the blazing windows and let out a high-pitched yell: "Wowie-e-e!" and he began to clatter his heels together.

Ermina laughed. She whispered close to Mark's ear, "Wowie-e-e," and took his arm and clung to it as they walked across the yard to the hatted figure of the ticket taker.

Under the light Mark felt the eyes of the men leaning against the wall of the building—the hangers-on, the pickups, the stags. He was a stranger to most of them and they were looking him over because he was big. They resented him. He was like a strange dog coming into a crowded kennel.

Mark felt his blood begin to circulate. "This isn't going to be so bad," he thought.

Suddenly Ermina's hand tightened on his arm. She was trying to see between two of the cars in front of her. She was looking through the entrance.

AS THEY pushed their way through the solid jam at the door, Mark, taller than those around him, saw a big man standing a few feet within the hall. The man had a tanned face, which had turned sort of green-white. He was swaying and as he rocked back and forth his eyes remained glued on Ermina.

"There's Block Ash," she said.

Mark hurried her to a row of empty chairs along the left wall. Once he looked back and saw the man, his powerful body braced against the coatroom. His eyes, small, close-set, were now looking at Mark.

As soon as they sat down the orchestra began playing from the platform at the other end of the hall. No one danced.

"Let's wake them up," Mark said. "Let's dance."

Ermina said no, that she didn't want to be the only one out there on the floor.

During the second tune, which was more familiar, three men crossed the hall to a group of girls standing close together like sheep. The girls giggled and the men cut through them like sheep dogs cutting a flock, each singling out an individual, working her loose and, as soon as she was in the clear, grabbing her around the waist for a dance.

Other men followed. Soon the big hall was filled with the shuffling of feet on sand dragged in by boots, the blare of the orchestra and the shrill laugh of women.

"Come on," Mark said, "we came to dance, didn't we?"

It grew hotter in the hall. A fight started in one corner, rumbled under the surface of onlookers, and suddenly, like a bursting boil of water, the two combatants swirled out of the crowd onto the floor. A big, fat man, who had something to do with the running of the dance, came over and split the fighters apart and with quick jerks at their necks dragged them, like flour sacks, out the door.

MARK liked to dance with Ermina. He didn't like dancing but he liked to be near her. She kept talking about his going away and he could see that she really didn't want him to go. They went outside and walked through the grove of spruce and Mark saw other couples sitting in the parked cars and he felt like a softie walking around in the moonlight with a girl.

Later, when they had gone back into the hall, Mark said he was going out to the car to get something. He didn't say he was going to get a drink, but he planned to bring back some candy for Ermina. As he passed the coatroom he saw Block Ash standing there. His corded neck was red and his flat face still green-white. Ash turned and his small eyes watched Mark to the door.

Mark found the car and, as he climbed in, a boy sitting with a girl in the next car spoke to him. He asked Mark how things were and Mark said "Fine!" Then he asked Mark if he had seen Bert Beal recently. The boy turned to the girl and laughed. Mark got sore but he thought, what the hell, he'd be out of this place tomorrow. He took a good drink. It was fifteen minutes before he got back to the hall. He bought some chocolate peppermints for Ermina.

Ermina wasn't at their corner where they had been sitting and he looked around for her. The girl next to his chair told him that Ermina had gone out. She said that Block Ash had come over and said that he had something important to tell her. "They went outside," the girl said, looking at Mark in a funny way.

Mark looked around again and then walked out. He walked along the side of the building toward the grove of trees.

Almost directly in front of him at the other side of the thicket he heard Ermina's voice. It was angry and frightened. "That's not for you to say, Block. I tell you to take me back."

Mark heard Ash say, "No need for you to be choosy now, Ermina."

Mark began walking faster toward the thicket. Then he heard Ermina cry out, "Block, let go—you're breaking my arm."

Mark came around the thicket. He saw Block Ash and Ermina standing there in the moonlight. He couldn't see Ermina's arm but he could hear her crying. Ash's back was to him. Mark went up to him and took his coat shoulder and turned him around. He spun him around so hard he sent Block ten feet away. Block caught himself and stood there, his hands hanging at his sides, his face flat and glistening in the moonlight. His mouth was working but he didn't say anything.

Mark began swinging three strides away and when he reached Ash his fist was going through the guard which had been thrown up too late. Mark's knuckles hit under the jaw just below the ear and he kept feeling the bone for a long time as he followed through with his full reach.

ASH grunted and what he was going to say came out as if by reflex action. "Horning in, Jordon?" His fists brushed Mark's shoulder and arm. He clipped Mark once on the cheek. Then he stepped back in a funny way and began sinking. He went down slowly, breaking at his knees and then his waist. He went into a praying position and then fell, his face in the spruce needles.

Mark stood there, his left ready for the hook. He watched Ash carefully. Then he dropped his hands and walked over to Ermina. "You all right, babe?"

She didn't say anything. She stood there looking at him. When he touched her shoulder he could feel her trembling. He took off his coat and put it around her. Then he leaned over Ash and looked at him. "He'll be all right," he said. "Let's get out of here."

"Are you sure this is the convention of the Gladiola Lovers of America?"

LEONARD DOVE

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They walked back through the grove and passed the blank side of the hall. A man and a woman were pressed silently against each other in the shadow near the doorway.

Mark drove down Highway No. 1 to the Addison road. They were quiet for several miles. Once Ermina said, "I'm sorry, Mark." He didn't say anything for a while, then he asked her why she had gone out there with Block Ash.

"He told me you were hurt. He said you got into a fight and you were hurt and he'd show me where you were."

"You believed him?"

"I didn't think. I was just scared and wanted to get to you."

The marshes were gray and colorless in the moonlight which sifted through a high, thin fog and the water in the river was black and oily-looking. There was a light in one of the small houses in the clearing and Mark heard a child crying as they went by. He thought of the lamp on the table and a woman rocking the child in her arms. And he thought of the girls he had seen that night at the Willy District — laughing and walking arm in arm with the boys in the grove of woods.

"It's still early," he said, "the night's not half done. How about coming on board for a while. I'll show you that parrot."

Ermina nestled closer to him. She took his right arm and pressed her cheek against it. "I don't care," she said, "I just want to be with you."

There was one light on the dock which glowed dimly through the fog. Back in the country there had been a bright moon. Here there was fog and a clean smell of the fresh sea and the place was restless with little waves coming in from the Reach.

They walked along the dock toward the vessel. They were the only people there. They walked arm in arm, Ermina leaning slightly against Mark, Mark, tall and broad, staring ahead of him.

There was no light on board. Mark felt his way with one hand, the other guiding Ermina. They crossed the deck and he found the knob for the after-housing door. Mark made a light as soon as he closed the door.

Ermina looked around her. She stood there in his gray coat, the sleeves dangling below her hands. She was quiet—she looked around at everything with quiet calm. He saw her notice the checkered cloth on the table—the new radio in the corner—Chet's parrot cage with the canvas covering over it.

"It's cozy," she said, turning to him.

HE STOOD there, feeling awkward now, looking at her so near him. Her eyes were big after the dark and her mouth had a curious soft smile which sometimes quivered. She certainly was good-looking, he thought, and he wanted to tell her that she was the swellest girl he had ever known. Instead, he heard himself saying, "I'll be glad when I make the last trip tomorrow in this tub. She's mean in a high sea."

That seemed to remind Ermina of his going away. She came closer to him and put her hands on his shoulders. He could feel the warmth of her hands through his shirt sleeves. He thought of his going away in the morning—leaving her—and he thought of what the people in Jonesport would say about her. It made him feel like a quitter. And at the same time he kept telling himself that that was the way to get caught—thinking that way. He wasn't going to get caught.

"Look, babe," he said, "I'll make a fire in the stove and we'll have some coffee."

"Coffee!" she said. "You're funny. Thinking of coffee. I can have coffee every day for weeks and weeks. I can have food and a place to sleep and go to the movies. I can visit with Ruth Grant and Judy Wass. I can go on day after day doing those things—and never know it—until you get back."

Mark didn't move. He looked at her so near him, his coat covering her, and he thought of Block Ash and he wished now that he had killed him. He thought of Block Ash touching her—Ash's flat face breathing against hers.

"Listen, Ermina," he said, "if Block Ash comes near you you tell him I'll kill him if he touches you—see? You tell him I'll smash his head open."

"He won't," Ermina said; "he's afraid now. He's a quitter."

Mark said nothing. He heard himself swallow. Then Ermina reached and put her hands behind his head and pulled his head toward her. "I'll wait for you, Mark," she said very quietly. "I'll just wait. Oh, I know I shouldn't talk this way—but I can't help it."

"You'll be all right when I'm gone?" he asked.

"I'll be all right."

"Your father?"

"Oh, he'll get over it."

"There'll be lots of talk about you and me, Ermina."

"I don't care."

"You don't care?"

"No, I don't care what they say—you—you're coming back."

"I wasn't."

"You weren't coming back?"

"No, Ermina. I was going for a long time."

SHE dropped her arms. She walked to the table. She put one hand on the checkered cloth and the other on the back of a chair. She looked down at the tablecloth and stared at it. Then she brushed at a piece of fuzz on the cloth with her fingers—brushed at it without moving it.

"I was going away," Mark said. "After tonight. I was going to get out—quit. I was going to go too far away to be found."

Ermina didn't look up. She had stopped brushing at the piece of fuzz. Her fingers were still. "You say you *were* going to do this, Mark?"

"Yes."

"Well, then—I guess that's all."

"No. That's not all. I can't go now. I can't go and leave you here."

"Oh, I'm all right. Don't let that stop you."

"There's something else, Ermina. You remember you said you wanted to go to South America? Well, I'm not going to South America. I hate the damn' place. I'm going to Boston. That's a swell town. You want to come to Boston with me?"

She looked up, startled.

"I mean," Mark said, "I love you—I guess. I can't let you stay here. I'd go nuts thinking of you alone in this dump—and what they'd say about you and I'm not here to tell them to lay off. I'll get a job down to the fruit company. I'll find something and we can find a place somewhere—I don't know—some place outside in the country—you know—just a place."

He had been staring at Chet's parrot cage all the time he was talking. When he looked at Ermina she was still looking at him in a startled way. He went over to the cage and took off the canvas covering. The parrot blinked.

"Speak, Maggie, speak," Mark said. "Funny how they never show off when you want them to."

Ermina came over to him. "You're sure of what you said, Mark?"

"Sure."

The parrot said, "Gee, Chet—the ship's afire! Help! Help!"

Ermina laughed.

"He's a real talker," Mark said; "I'll buy you one of them down to Panama."

"For our front room," Ermina said.

"Yeah—for the front room in our place in Boston."

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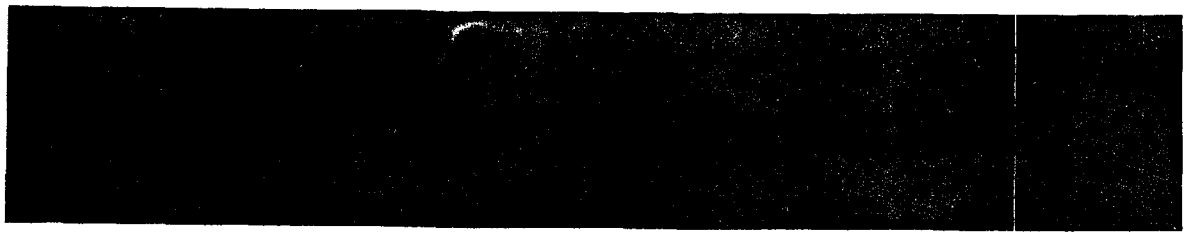

COLLIER'S two years ago (issue of February 6, 1937) became the first popular magazine to utter the word "syphilis" in cold type, and to talk about this national health termite and its possible extermination in calm, realistic language.

Wednesday, February 1, 1939, has been designated National Social Hygiene Day. We are glad to report progress in the conquest of syphilis, as a contribution to that day's observance, and to pass along some news from leading medical authorities on how the fight's tempo and effectiveness are soon to be stepped up.

The greatest single gain since United States Surgeon General Thomas Parran declared war on syphilis less than three years ago has been the fact alluded to in the first paragraph above —that the old-time taboo on calling this disease by its right name and discussing it above a whisper has been exploded. Syphilis—its causes, its various manifestations, its proper treatment, its cure—is today the most discussed of all our public health and social problems, in magazines and newspapers and even on the air.

This is a tremendous advance. But in the war on syphilis, it means that the enemy's masked outpost batteries have been exposed and smashed. We have still to make a frontal assault on his first-line trenches—though an excellent preliminary barrage of publicity has been laid down.

Here are the figures indicating the enemy's present strength:

It is estimated that syphilis causes about 100,000 deaths per year in the United States. Some 500,000 newly infected syphilis victims go to doctors each year for treatment, with another 600,000 advanced cases consulting doctors each year for the first time. It is estimated that 500,000 uninformed or misinformed syphilitics annually entrust themselves to quack "blood specialists" or to the chummy and warmhearted but not medically trained corner druggist. And there is an unknown but doubtless large number of advanced syphilis victims who have never received treatment at all. These latter either don't know what they have (the disease imitates many other diseases in outward symptoms) or don't care.

National Social Hygiene Day marks the opening of the nation's frontal assault on syphilis—an assault that, it is hoped, may build up into the same kind of campaign that virtually exterminated syphilis from the populations of the Scandinavian countries in fifteen years.

To win this war, a number of extensions of now available medical facilities are needed. Syphilis is a social disease and, consequently, requires social machinery for its control and elimination.

We must have adequate special clinics for diagnosis in every community. Skilled physicians' services must be made available somehow to all syphilis victims who will consult those physicians. This means those who can't pay for treatment as well as those who can, since syphilis doesn't know about differences in earning power.

If treatment of all known cases of syphilis could be made compulsory, so much the better, and too bad about those who would squawk that this was "regimentation." After all, a syphilitic is a danger to the community, as is a victim of any other contagious disease; and quarantine regulations for generations have been "regimenting" scarlet-fever or diphtheria or typhoid patients into seclusion until cured.

At the very least, there must be persistent publicity aimed at inducing everybody who even suspects that he or she may have contracted syphilis to consult a reputable doctor in a hurry, and to follow the doctor's instructions implicitly until he marks the case closed and sends in his last bill.

There are two preventive measures that it is hoped will be extended rapidly throughout all the states. One is universal examination of expectant mothers for signs of latent syphilis —which, if detected early enough, can be so treated as to save the mother from bringing a tragic case of congenital syphilis into the world. The other is the compulsory blood test before a marriage license can be issued to an engaged couple. Twenty-six of the forty-eight states now have regulations which make it difficult for syphilitics to marry. For all the discontent and the temporary marriage license slumps they have caused here and there, they are working toward healthier marriages and against transmission of syphilis to blameless babies.

Parents and teachers, of course, have an obvious but highly important role to play in this war, in imparting various facts of life to young people; especially in straightening out twisted ideas or morbid fears that many if not most of those young people have probably picked up from their cronies even in these supposedly enlightened times.

In all these phases of the assault on syphilis, the Federal Health Service is prepared to co-operate, with advice, encouragement and some money. It is hoped that more money will be forthcoming as the enormous value of this concerted, nationwide fight to exterminate this disease becomes apparent. That value is indicated in these words of a prominent public health worker who knows whereof he speaks:

"By stamping out syphilis, we shall prevent practically all deaths from locomotor ataxia, paresis, aortic aneurism, etc., as well as a substantial fraction of the deaths usually ascribed to the chronic diseases of old age. We shall also be able to reduce much of the present-day incidence of insanity and blindness, not to mention the untold misery and incalculable economic losses occasioned by this dreadful affliction."

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